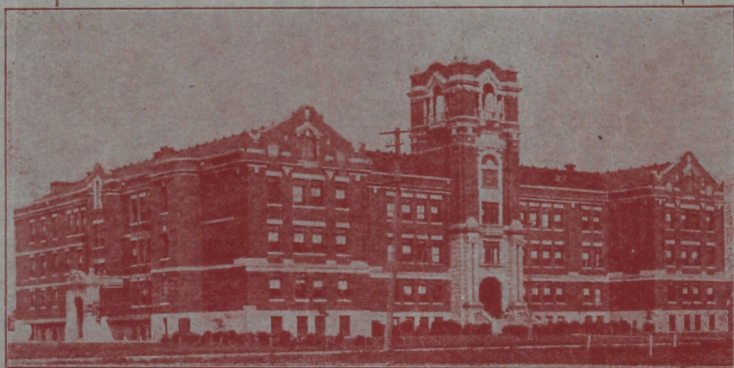


Margaret Forsyth



Kelvin Technical High School



WINNIPEG

—
April, 1926

Margaret Forsyth



Harry Flanagan

Autographs

Kay Sproule
Sarah Monkhouse
Bessie Wright
Helen Broadhurst
Marion Helen Garland
Louise Kirk
Anna Hager

Autographs

"Thy face lives in the pen"

Evelyn Gannard
O. I. Baker
Dorothy Mason Berry
M. Lellan
Ruth Tobington
W. Walsh
Elizabeth Hanson
Marge Stearns
Jerry Splatt
Mary White
C. A. Limbay
Hazel Williams
Louise Walls
Francis Dickson
Earl Warren
Frieda Waller
Blanche Bruckman
Enid R. Russell
Octo '29
Mary Harsh
Art. Sawyer
Frances Hammond
Ethelyn Wallace
Jack Anderson
Eslem White

Nancy Burke
Chyllis Mayford
Wesley Clearing
In answer to his question
Margaret Scott
Frederick Lupton
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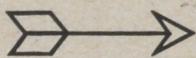
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KELVIN TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

APRIL, 1926

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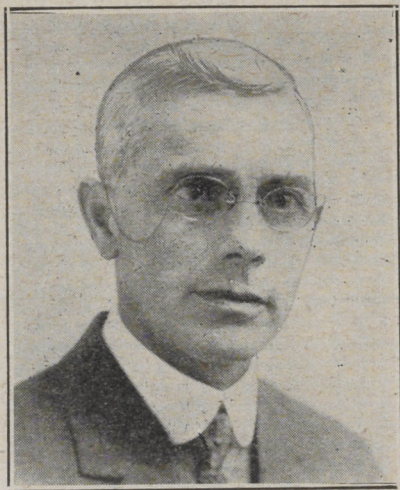
Foreword



THIS is the hope of the staff of this paper that it will prove interesting and instructive to all its readers. The paper is larger and we hope better, as a result of last year's experience. This year all cartoons and most of the headings are the work of Kelvin artists. A short story competition was also a feature of this year's effort and the prize story is included in this publication.

We wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way to the paper and regret that lack of space has prevented us from including much that was worthy of appearing in print.

On account of the increase in size and the number of illustrations we were compelled to increase slightly the price of the paper, but feel that the many improvements fully justify this action.



School Government

A MEASURE of self government among our students is provided through the medium of the school officers. For those not in close contact with Kelvin it may be of interest to know that these officers, three in number, are elected from the senior classes by the popular vote of the students.

The elections are held in the Fall term, and in order to provide a lesson in civics, are conducted on the plan of proportional representation. A room constitutes a polling subdivision and under the supervision of the teacher has its returning officer and poll clerks. A day or two intervenes between nominations and elections. On these days political meetings are held in the Auditorium at noon and after four o'clock. At these meetings the candidates addressing the electors present their claims for support. Many of these speeches compare favorably with those made by our Aldermen and Mayor previous to the civic elections.

The three officers elected—President, Vice-President and Secretary—represent the students for the school year on which they have entered. Through them the principal and staff are enabled to co-operate with the student body in the various activities of the school.

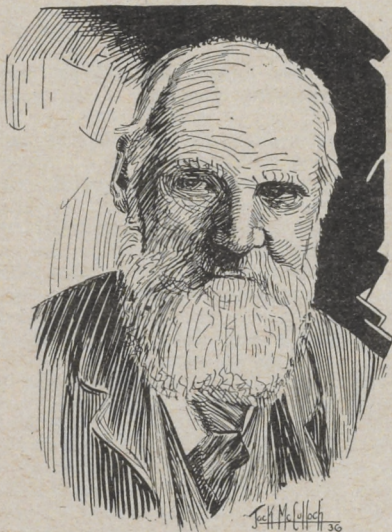
Both staff and students appreciate the work being done by our present officers, Jack Illsey, Babe Monkhouse and Arthur Gourley. It is on their representation that this Kelvin paper is being attempted, with what success the readers of its pages may be left to judge.

—R. T. H.



LORD KELVIN—THE SCIENTIST AND THE MAN

HOW many Kelvin students know much about the man whose name this institution bears? I venture to say that their numbers are very limited. Yet Lord Kelvin was the greatest scientist of the nineteenth century, a man who investigated numerous branches of science, and who made many useful contributions to civilization. His mariner's compass, sounding machine, and tide-calculat-



ing apparatus were a great boon to navigation. A sailor in the far East said: "I don't know who this Thomson may be, but every sailor ought to pray for him every night." Kelvin's greatest work was his share in the laying of the Atlantic cable. He persisted when others gave up in discouragement, and, when the cable was laid, it did not work until Kelvin's minor galvanometer was used. He wrote many treatises on mathematics and various branches of science, and

made inventions, fulfilling his maxim "the life and soul of science is its practical application."

When we read this list of accomplishments, we are apt to think of William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, as a dried-up old "fossil" who cared for nothing but science and mathematics. As a matter of fact Thomson was a broad-minded, kindly man. He was a musician of note, a good athlete, and an interesting conversationalist. He did not believe in devoting himself entirely to one activity, to the exclusion of everything else; thus he set a good example to all people, including high school students. Wherever he went his simple, unaffected manner, his broad interests, and his enthusiasm for science, made him respected and beloved. His was a long life of service for his fellow men, a life in which there was nothing mean or base, in short, the life of a truly great man.

EXAMINATIONS

WE STUDENTS are accustomed to think of all examinations as written tests in specified school subjects. These come at definite times of the year, and we prepare for them.

We are subjected to other and more important tests every day of our lives. These tests are unexpected and unprepared for; they are tests of character.

At school we are tested by both teachers and pupils. The teachers require us to be industrious and courteous, the students expect us to be sociable and unselfish. Perhaps it is in sports that we are most severely tested. It is difficult to be a good loser, still more difficult to be a modest winner. The boy or girl who daily meets these requirements is building character.

The character so built is severely tested when we go out into the world. There we encounter new temptations, higher standards of achievement, and the steady grind of hard work.

Our school has to meet tests imposed by the public. Each pupil is a determining factor in the value placed upon our school by the outside world. Be loyal to the school and in future years you will be proud to say "I went to Kelvin!"

TRADITION

TRADITION means the handing down of past doings from one generation to another. A deed takes effect only from the tradition or delivery. Kelvin has been in existence some fourteen years and has graduated almost five thousand students. Each class has made its contribution to the history and tradition of our school, our country, and our Empire. As I write this I think of the old Kelvinites who lie buried overseas, "Those who laid the world away, poured out the red sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be, of work and joy and that unhopd serene that men call age." They made the greatest contribution of all.

Then I think of the living. We have an old Kelvin student at Geneva in the League of Nations' office, as Canadian representative on publications. Another Kelvinite is teaching on the West Coast of Africa; others are to be found in almost every State in the country to the south of us; while in our own country we have many who are teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, each and all making a contribution, making the world a better place. Remember Edmund Burke's definition of a nation—"Between the living and the dead and

those unborn, a partnership." We have done great things together and are willing to do more. Let this year's class go forth from our doors determined to be loyal to Kelvin, to play the game without self seeking and to face life without fear or boasting. The following poem by Alfred Noyes illustrates my point so well:

There's But One Way

There's just one gift that all our dead desire,

One gift that man can give—and that's a dream

Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire

Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem.

Die to the little hatreds; die to the greed;

Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;

Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,

And rise again, like these, with souls as true.

Nay—since they died before the task was finished—

Attempt new heights, bring e'en their dreams to birth;

Build us that better world, Oh not diminished

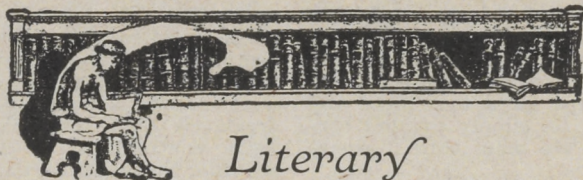
By one true splendour that they planned on earth.

And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen.

There's but one way: God make us better men.

—W.M.





Literary

Prize Story

Miss Frances Briggs, Room 26, has been awarded the prize for the best short story. Mrs. A. V. Thomas who is well known as an expert critic of the short story, acted as judge for this competition. She has specialized in this work at Columbia University. In giving her decision Mrs Thomas says: "I marked the stories, basing my marks on the following points: (1) Interest (2) Construction. (3) Characterization. (4) Atmosphere. (5) Style. (6) Content.

"'High Finance' led in every point and is a remarkably well written story for a beginner. Without hesitation I recommend it for the prize. I feel that the teachers and students should be proud to have such a story published as the work of one of the students. I do not wish my high praise of this story to be understood as an unfavorable criticism of the other stories submitted. Each story has some strong point—some more than one. There is always another chance for the writer who works."

HIGH FINANCE

LEANING against the picket-fence of his own home, Arthur William Browning thoughtfully regarded the coins that lay in the palm of a somewhat dirty hand. Having turned these over he placed the money back in his pocket only to draw it forth to be recounted. He went through this process several times but the amount was always the same—fifty-five cents. It is a regrettable fact that the allowance stipulated by father is never sufficient for the needs and requirements of a youth not-quite-eighteen. True, the father in question was not given half, nor an eighth of what the youth received, but then, the 'High Cost of Living' has increased in leaps and bounds since father was a boy. The good old days when boys ground flour in mills, and raked neighbors' leaves to put themselves through col-

lege were gone. Sometimes Arthur William wondered how dear father remembered whether he was grinding or raking. He visioned this absent-minded parent raking wheat and grinding leaves, till he partially restored his good humor,—only partially, since his nose was still hurting like fury, probably from the bumps he had given it in the locker room that morning,—and forced himself to admit that he would prefer his father to be in the clouds and impractical, than to have him even remotely resemble Jim Cross's father, who was so occupied with the art of making money that he had no time to bother with his family; and so wrapped in business deals that their welfare, to him, was only a question of providing sufficient spending money.

Money! the mere thought of it recalled Arthur's predicament to his mind, and at the recollection the awful situation became too clear. Why couldn't he have kept quiet and let Jim ask that Minter girl? Just because he was a conceited ass he had got himself into this hectic mess. He visualized Arthur Browning gently but firmly telling Helen Minter that he had made a mistake, that he couldn't possibly take her to the party, but what reason could he give? He saw himself letting Jim Cross step off with his invited partner—Jim certainly would snatch the chance. No, the thought made his collar uncomfortably tight. It wasn't that he liked Helen particularly, of course he didn't, but the fellows all wanted to take her, and he had been as surprised as his sister to hear the much-sought-after girl answer his invitation favorably.

No, that decidedly would not do, he must think of somethings else. Why, in the name of all that was happy, did he go and buy that new battery for the radio last month? If he hadn't he might have had ample for the dance. Just how much did he need? Two dollars for tickets, and a

car. The last was, of course, frightfully expensive. The party was being held in a Country Club-house three miles out of the city limits. That meant the fare for a taxi there and back—phew! He simply couldn't borrow enough. He must earn it somehow.

With this decision made his mind felt lighter, next, what could he do? He had to go to school. It would sound insane to tell his mother that he wanted to stop for a few days to earn enough money to take some girl to a school dance. Yes, he would be forced to earn the money outside of school hours.

Clinking his few coins, he entered his gate and slowly climbed the stone steps of the verandah. A giggle greeted him. There, in the corner of the porch swing sat that awful Grace person with his sister, Olivia. Heavens! had they been watching him count his money?

Endeavoring to obtain a nonchalant expression he strolled to the end of the verandah and seated himself on the railing opposite the two girls.

"Well how'd you get home so soon? Seen anything of Al Simpson? He promised to bring me his golf-clubs. I didn't come right in so I might've missed him."

His explanations were received in silence. He wondered if he had a smudge on his face. He felt his tie. Horrors! was a suspender . . . ? One glance assured him there was nothing wrong in that direction. He waited for one or the other to speak. At last he said uncomfortably,

"Why the heavy gloom? Mamma spank?"

"Huh! funny!" spokesman Olivia spoke up, "We're laughing at your nose. What have you done to it? It's a lovely shade of red!"

Without a glance at either of the girls Arthur strode inside, banged the door, and tore upstairs, to his sanctuary, as he loved to call it. It was a typical boy's room, clean, but untidy. Books and clothes were everywhere. A gun and some cartridges lay on the bed. His adored shaving kit graced his chiffonier. His hair groom was spilt, but his loss was not noticed as with a groan of despair he gazed on his nose. Normally it wasn't a bad feature. It was set in the centre of a fairly good looking face. He had

never been called handsome, nor had he been called ugly. His complexion was tanned, his eyes grey, his lips were firm and clear cut, his eyebrows were heavy, and he possessed the dreamer's high forehead which was flatly contradicted by the squarely set chin. Normally, as I said, his nose, straight and large enough to be a nose, was not a bad feature; but today! The tip was red and shiny. How he hated shiney noses on men. The shine alone could have been removed, but a red shine! What a combination! What, in the name of all that's good could it be? He felt it tenderly. Jove! it hurt. The bump in the locker room couldn't possibly have such disastrous effects. Was it . . . ? Surely it couldn't be a boil? and that party was only four days off. Well, thank Heaven it would be better by then. Meanwhile he supposed he would be forced to remain inside, till the thing was healed. Not that he was conceited and minded marring his beauty, but it wasn't fair to force a disgusting thing like a boil on the world at large. Well it would keep him away from school, and how utterly fed up he was on that. This, we conclude is a forceful example of the law of compensation.

In response to his sister's call of "Dinner!" Arthur William left his room to drag downstairs. He was the last to enter the dining room. He seated himself in silence. Father said Grace. Mother looked at him and talked rapidly about the wonderful day it had been. Not so father. Turning on his son he brutally asked what had happened to his face. Arthur painstakingly explained that he had a boil on it, and that he was absolutely not going out of the house till it was better.

"I don't blame you," broke in Olivia, "if I looked like you I'd never go out. And I must say a be-yew-tiful boil doesn't improve matters for your manly beauty. Ha! ha!"

Her remarks were greeted by silence. Mother thought Arthur's spirit must indeed be broken if he would let Olivia's tirade go unchallenged. She tactfully changed the subject.

"Fred, I really think we ought to have the bathroom done over, we could get a painter in to-morrow, and it would be finished by noon. Don't you think it could be managed?"

"Uh-huh," was the father's reply.

Such eloquence deserved a reward, so Mother began again.

"I'll phone, don't you bother about it. And anyway, you have a nine o'clock class in the morning."

This time father told her to proceed and to make all the arrangements that seemed fit to her. But to have it done properly, and not to let the painters spoil the floor, the last time they ruined the carpet in his room, did she remember? Yes, she did, and would watch this time to see that things were done according to Hoyle.

Arthur, eating potatoes and roast beef in the disproved style, that is, altogether, had a mind as busy as his jaws. A great and glorious plan was forming in his brain. It was not one born of thought and philosophy, but an impulse, that forced itself from the boy's lips.

"Mother! Why couldn't I paint that bathroom? I could. I've helped Jim Cross paint, and it's so easy. Please, mother, I won't be at school to-morrow, and you need only pay me half what you pay a painter because I'm unskilled labor. Oh please, if you knew how I needed the money."

Well-I-I.

So it was decided. Early the next morning, half-an-hour earlier than he usually pulled himself from the comfort of a long night's rest, Arthur donned his overalls and old shoes. His nose does not need describing, the early stages of a boil speak for themselves. Tramping downstairs he lustily hailed for his breakfast, tore down to the cellar for paint and brushes, and was hard at work before any of his family were yet fully roused. He carefully painted the top of the little white stool and found his paint too thick. With undiminished zeal he rushed to look for turpentine to thin his paint. The search unfortunately lasted some minutes.

Meanwhile, the absent-minded father of our hero had realized that he must go forth to vainly wrestle with minds of little, or no intelligence. His alarm had failed to ring, perhaps he had not set it. At any rate he was late. He hastened to the bathroom with shoes unlaced and lathered his face well. (The lamentable part of being a professor is that one must always shave before facing a class. A mere business man can postpone

that operation to a later date.) While the said lather was doing its work, he seated himself on the white stool to lace his shoes. Even professors attempt labor saving devices in the early morning. The shoes being laced, the professor shaved without accidents and departed.

Arthur, jubilantly confident of succeeding in his enterprise, returned upstairs and painted vigorously. He wondered why the paint had sunk into the stool, but he applied more and started on the ceiling and walls.

One quarter of the ceiling seemed to take hours, and by the time he had finished half, his shoulders and neck fairly screamed, they ached so painfully. However, he stuck to it and managed to finish the ceiling and one wall before lunch. Stepping off his ladder he surveyed his work. Never had a bathroom looked better, it was so clean and so white. He sighed blissfully and descended for lunch, which he felt he fully deserved.

An irate parent greeted at the door, "You young idiot, what d'you think you mean by leaving a thing all wet with paint out on the floor for the first person to sit on? I went to the college this morning like this—"

The angry professor turned his back. Truly he had been sitting on white paint. A single circle, well chalked in, graced the seat of his trousers. It was geometrically perfect. How lucky that Arthur had painted the whole stool top instead of just spots.

"—And to think I didn't know it till after my first class! No wonder I was the object of such mirth. I thought the levity of my class quite unseemly, but I fear it was not."

Arthur was speechless—with amazement or mirth. We will give him the benefit of the doubt and say amazement.

"But father, I thought you had gone. I didn't know." Here, his amazement got the better of him, and he laughed loud, long and heartily. Fortunately a professor needs a sense of humor in his profession, so the father joined in the son's mirth, and feeling greatly mollified after his laughter, proceeded above.

Arthur completed his painting without further mishaps and was given his pay. He was astonished to learn that painters received such scant re-

muneration for long hours of honest toil. Nevertheless he was rejoiced to be able to purchase his tickets and sat him down to think out another money making device.

An evening, a night, and a morning, spent indoors and devoted to the gentle art of thinking produced no definite results. Could he borrow a car. He didn't know a soul that would trust him with anything of great value. He certainly would prefer to drive himself, that meant hiring the car for the evening. How could he get a car for the evening without paying the regulation prices? If he could get on friendly terms with a kind hearted garageman he might possibly strike a hard bargain. But are there any kindly disposed garage-keepers? If they existed they were outside his knowledge. He wondered if it would be at all possible to get himself hired for a mechanic, and receive, as a pay envelope, the use of one of the garage cars; provided, of course, that the car was not too disreputable.

The germ of good sense was in this thought. Accordingly, after lunch he set out to find a garage of fairly affluent means, and withal far removed from the haunts of his particular pals.

In a remote corner of Portage he found just such a shop. Their usual help had broken an arm while cranking a fliver and was temporarily disabled. Yea, he could have the job as long as he was "a steady, reliable chap, and not given to drinking."

Overjoyed at his good fortune, and thrilled beyond words at his own "resource," Arthur walked home. Two days' work should certainly gain for him the use of a car for an evening; it wasn't much, and perhaps he could induce them to give him a little cash besides. You have to drive hard bargains in this world.

His mother and professor-father, though honor-stricken at the thought of their son as a common mechanic, were never-the-less proud of the youth's initiative in going after what he wanted, which really did not merit the excessive praise it received.

Two days passed in any steady occupation are not slow in dwindling away. Arthur surpassed himself and obtained a whole day's pay as well as the use of the car which he agreed

would be returned in as good condition as he had received it.

The car itself needs a few lines to describe it. It was a Chevie of ancient lineage hitting on two of its four cylinders, and given to stalling not only frequently, but lengthily. Its rattle was such that pedestrians expected a wedding procession, and its brakes were a 'has-been' of faint and far off recollections. The horn was a siren of the most hair-raising and goose-fleshing type. With all its faults, Arthur William Browning took a possessive interest in its ramshackleness. He washed it. He polished it. He dusted and O'cedared its leather cushions. It was presentable when he had finished, just as long as it was standing still, but when it began to hit on its two cylinders—Oh my!

Long hours were spent brushing his crisp hair, and longer ones in convincing his shirt front that there was no particular reason for bulging. At last he was ready. Whereupon he banged the front door to begin a long siege with his Chevrolet. A gentle putt-putt was the first indication that he was getting started, and a roar from the exhaust clinching the argument, he chugged down the street in quest of Helen.

Shutting off his engine a block before her home, he coasted to the door and picked up a very excited young lady. Arthur reassured her. It was a peach of a car but not much on looks. Of course Helen didn't doubt his word!

He would have enjoyed that drive, if it hadn't been for the brakes that were conspicuous by absence. Still the "cop" had only gazed open mouthed after them when they failed to obey the stop signal. And they had a peach of a time. Helen was a peach of a girl. Ho-hum!

And in his sleep, Arthur murmured again, "It's a peach of a bus, isn't it?"

Poetry by Kelvin Students

THE MOUNTAINS

I STOOD on a lonely mountain side,
Alone, and in silence awed;
In the still, breathless scene before
me,
I could feel the hand of God.

The beauty of drooping fir trees,
Scent of the guardian pines;
The thick undergrowth between them,
Green ferns and twining vines.

The time worn rocks and the rugged
cliffs,
Echoes that lurk and call;
The distant rush of icy streams,
Mist of a waterfall.

The endless blue of the skies above;
Clouds of delicate fleece,
Wraithing the snowy mountain peaks
Whose vigils never cease.

I stood on a lonely mountain side,
Where the foot of man ne'er trod;
In that beautiful scene I felt nearer,
Than ever before to my God.

—Margaret Doyle,
Room 15.

* * *

RETURN

WHEN the funeral pyre of the day
is lit,
And the glorious light fires the
Western sky,
Yet another day has gone to its death
Losing its life grasp, bit by bit,
But oh what a glorious way to die!

Our youth like the sunrise is very
soon past,
But as time passes on, and short
comes breath,
Down go we like the sun, and we
breathe,
Breathe, for our strength is near to
the last
"The greatest adventure in life is
death!"

But we shall return as the sun is
returning
Changed we may be, but the soul
the same;
As the very same sun shines across
the sky,
Cool in the morning, at noonday
burning
Then sinking it sets in a blaze of
flame.

The sun is the soul of our day of light
Our soul is the sun of our life's
short day,
Sometimes o'ercast by the clouds and
the fog,

Sometimes the soul is obscured to the
sight;
But the Maker is beyond the clouds
always.

—Jack Matheson,
Room 28.

* * *

A CARVEN stone for a thousand
years
Stands in its beauty serene, and
cold

A poet sings of its permanence
Ever beautiful, young and old.

Young in its beauty, old in its age,
Yet the glorious light of the setting
sun,
Lasts but a while, but is greater far
Than any stone ever yet begun.

—Jack Matheson,
Room 28.

* * *

WHAT POETS HAVE SAID OF OUR PRAIRIE LANDS

"TO THE far flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick cloud shadows
trail,
To our neighbor's barn in the offing
And the line of the new cut trail;
To the plough in her league long
furrow
With the grey lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half year's winter
And the warm sweet western wind."
—Kipling, in "The Native Born."

* * *

"WALK warily beside this stream,
lest when you would depart,
You find its every turning tied and
knotted round your heart."
—Kipling, on the Red River.

* * *

"I LOOKED out over the prairie as
far as the eye could see,
And never a stone as big as your
hand, and never the sign of a
tree;
Only the golden stubble with the first
light snow between
In the fairy light of a primal world
where beauty first is seen.

Then far on the dipped horizon where
the sailing cloud tops show,
I saw, like a ghost in the sunlight a
prairie schooner go.
And after her labored others in a
trailing caravan—
Lumbering, crude, ill fitted—but they
carried the hope of man.

A marvellous train unnumbered,
 swinging before my gaze,
 They passed on into the sundown, and
 were lost in the lilac haze.
 I cleared my eyes of the vision—or
 the tremor of sunlit-glare—
 Only the golden stubble and the sail-
 ing clouds were there.”
 —Bliss Carman, in “Far Horizons.”

Book Reviews

“WITH Lawrence in Arabia” is written by Lowell Thomas who was a member of the faculty of Princeton but resigned to write this book and thus rouse interest in the Allied cause. It is purely descriptive of affairs in Arabia and no attempt has been made at the novel. Nevertheless it presents in a true manner what British men can do.

Lawrence is the least known but one of the most romantic figures of the world. He attended Oxford and for his thesis chose the “The Military Architecture of the Crusades.” To obtain first hand knowledge he visited the Near East. He became a Cook’s Tourist but disregarded the beaten paths and plunged into the desert.

His liking for Archaeology prompted him to go to Arabia. Lawrence knew the country of the Turks better than they did themselves. This knowledge was of invaluable service to both the British and the Arabs. To the British Lawrence gave accurate maps and to the Arabs he made known the advantageous positions against the Turks. By living with the Arabs in their tents, sleeping and eating with them, he became essentially an Arab. In this way he won their confidence and soon became their leader. Lawrence was a diplomat. In all the battles and military coups he gave all the honor to Feisal, the Arabian General. In his unassuming way he did what statesmen had tried to do for centuries, unite the nomadic tribes of Arabia to drive out the Turk.

After the war Lawrence attended the Peace Conference and was largely instrumental in bringing about terms for Arabia. Lawrence is at home writing books and reading classics at present. In all the years of service he has refused great honors, Knighthood, the Victoria Cross, medals from France and various other

honors accorded him. The only honor he accepted was a fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford.

—Campbell Haig.

Winnipeg Writers

CANADA—ITS HISTORY AND PROGRESS

(By G. T. Reeve, M.A.)

MR. REEVE is a graduate of Oxford University. He has taught History in our City Schools for many years and is now the Principal of St. John’s Technical High School. He has been always very much interested in Canada and its problems and it has been his endeavor in writing this book to instil into the reader a greater spirit of patriotism and pride in the past records of our beloved country. This book is a very interesting and a very comprehensive history of our land. It will be of great interest not only to the student but to parents and teachers and is worthy of a place in all home libraries. The book is well supplied with good maps which are so essential to a good history. It is well written and all the information is brought up to date. It is very necessary for us all to know our country better and this history affords us a very reliable account of past glories and past sufferings of this new nation of ours.

THE FRENCH REGIME IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

(By D. C. Harvey, M.A., Oxon. Professor of History University of Manitoba)

PROFESSOR HARVEY comes from the country of which he writes. “The school in which I learned to read was on the left bank of Cape Traverse River, and the voice of my first schoolmaster used to blend through the open window with the sound of the mowers in the marshes as they cut the hay which was once an object of much solicitude to the Acadian immigrants.” (Preface)

It is therefore fitting that a detailed account of the Acadians in P.E.I. should come from such a pen. He traces the history of the island from the happy days of the Micmac Indians and the wandering fishermen and traders who visited the Island prior to French settlement in 1719,

to the year 1758, when after the capture of Louisburg, the British determined to deport the Acadian settlers to France. He describes with great sympathy the hardships of the settlers who were persuaded by the French government to settle in the island, showing that they were but "pawns in a heartless game of Imperialism."

Students who have been puzzled about the right or wrong of the various deportations, such as that from Grand Pré in 1755, and from Louisburg in 1758, will be interested in Professor Harvey's views on this subject.

HONOR AND FAME BESTOWED ON OLD KELVINITE

(Martha Ostenso, Author of Prize Winning Novel, Attended K.T.H.S.)

MARTHA OSTENSO, the author of "Wild Geese," that sensational prize winning novel, went to Kelvin in 1917-1918. Great honor and fame were achieved by her, aside from the handsome prize of \$13,500, presented by the Pictorial Review. Though we would like to claim her as exclusively Canadian, we have to acknowledge that she is really the product of three countries; Norway, the land of her birth, United States, where she learned the English language, and began her apprenticeship in the craft of writing, and Western Canada where she received her High School and College education.

As far back as she can remember, she always wanted to write. Her mother used to tell the children stories on the cold winter evenings by the fireside; these influenced her greatly. She used to delight in telling her brothers and sisters stories of her own imagination. At the age of seven, the child with her strong literary yearning was making jingles. Her first published prose appeared in the Junior Page of the Minneapolis Journal, when she was eleven years old. A year later she won a prize for a story. When she was fifteen, her parents moved from Benson, Minnesota, to Manitoba. She entered the Collegiate Institute at Brandon. Later her family came to Winnipeg, where she studied at Kelvin High School. We, as Kelvinites are proud of this fact, although she spent only one year

in our school, in Room 38. Martha Ostenso next attended lectures at the University of Manitoba for one year.

The next stage in Miss Ostenso's career was to work in the best of all practice fields for the young writer, a newspaper office, as a reporter on the Manitoba Free Press. It was, however, in her pedagogic life, when she taught for a time on the west shore of lake Manitoba, that Miss Ostenso got the setting, the atmosphere, and the charm, for the story that has so recently brought her fame.

Martha Ostenso moved to New York three years ago where she did work for the Social Service. She did not realize that her novel was so excellent and it was with little hope of winning first prize that she entered her novel into the competition thus becoming famous over night.

From the French Department

LE MIROIR DE LA CLASSE TRENTÉ-SEPT

VOUS n'avez jamais su peut-être qu'un miroir put entendre aussi bien qu'il put voir. Eh bien, il le peut, et moi, le miroir de la classe trente-sept, entreprendrai vous raconter plusieurs choses que j'entends at que je vois pendant une journée. Comme je me trouve en face de la pendule je peux dire quelle heure il est. Les filles commencent à arriver dans la salle vers, neuf heures moins un quart. A neuf heures moins cinq minutes il y a toujours un groupe de filles autour de moi, causant de tout ce qu'ils avaient fait la soirée passée. A neuf heures la cloche sonne et les filles prennent leurs places et me laissent en paix. La mademoiselle président de la classe appelle le registre, ou mieux, le marque comme chaque élève donne son nombre. La classe commence par la période de français dont la première partie consiste de répéter une poème. Après la période de français les autres professeurs viennent suivant le programme. Les leçons ne finissent pas toujours à quatre heures ce que je suppose d'être l'heure pour fermer l'école, mais je garde les filles jusqu'à cinq heures pendant qu'ils écrivent des verbes ou pendant qu'ils font l'al-gèbre.

Personne ne neira que je sois le meuble le plus utile de la classe. La pendule même n'est pas aussi importante que mois, quoiqu'elle soit une bonne seconde. Bien que je ne me trouve pas où je peux voir le résultat des jeux de basket-ball, j'apprends des filles qu'ils ont perdu deux parties. Quant a curling je comprends le grand prix est entre les classes vingt-sept et trente-sept. Mais en finissant il faut dire que les filles de la salle trente-sept cet an surpassent toutes les classes qui ont été autrefois dans cette salle de classe.

—Hazel Williams,
Room 37.

THE CANADIAN APPLE

(Scientific Sauce)

APPLES are borne on trees, spend a large part of their lives in barrels, and are buried in pies. The apple is popularly believed to have caused the first fall of man, but since then the banana has given it a hard race. However, even now we hear and read of some good man who has fallen for the "apple" of his eye.

From the earliest days of human history the apple has been the most tempting of all fruits and there are many stories connected with it. The best known among these is that of Adam and Eve where it is depicted not merely for its magical powers but also because of its attractiveness as a delicacy.

Our belief in the old verse handed down from England, "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away," is true, but has many disbelievers among young orchard raiders, who in their ignorance will persist in eating apples before they are ripe. However, pigs are one class of animals with which green apples seem to agree.

In historic time the crab apple, so called on account of its sour, biting taste, like the nip of a crab, was found all over Europe. The real origin of the apple was, as far as historians can discover, exactly where the Bible puts it. Since that time it has spread over the entire world. The origin of the cultivated apple is unknown. It is known however, that at the beginning of the Christian Era, the Romans cultivated a few varieties of apples which might compare favorably with some that are grown at the present time.

The apple was probably first introduced into Canada in the Eighteenth century. Since then it has been grown with great success in Eastern Canada and British Columbia. Although not much has been done for it in the Prairie Provinces, Manitoba is now developing apples suited for its climate.

But of most importance to us Canadians is the fact that Canada has contributed greatly in the cultivation of Apples. Among the varieties thus cultivated are the McIntosh, Snow, and Ontario apples. Undoubtedly the best known and most highly appreciated of these varieties is the McIntosh, which for two years in succession has been judged at the Imperial Fruit Show in England, where it competed with apples grown in all parts of the world, to be the best dessert variety grown in the British Empire.

Herbert Fidler,
Room 33.

THE LOCARNO PACT

THE sudden and fortunate termination of the Great War in 1918 brought the Allies to the Peace Conference in a frame of mind that made it almost impossible that an adequate Peace Treaty could be framed. France was determined never again to run the hazard of complete annihilation so recently escaped. Idealists from all over the world, led by President Wilson of America, were determined as far as possible that the treaty should end all war between civilized nations. British statesmen had repeatedly assured their people and their fighting men, that justice and reparations should be exacted from the defeated enemy, and came to the conference with these promises fresh in the public mind. The lesser allies in the East and the subject races of Austria-Hungary were hopeful of some extension of their boundaries and were prepared to press their claims to the uttermost. These things were difficult to reconcile.

At the Treaty of Versailles, 1919, France wanted three things, namely, security, justice and reparation; and the United States wanted a condition brought about which would stop war. The Treaty set up the League of Nations which the States refused to enter.

Since that time there have been repeated attempts to settle disputes between France and Germany. France has continually demanded a guarantee which would make her secure from Germany.

Germany failed to pay her reparation money. France seized the coal mines of Germany and for a while it looked as though another war was about to break out. It was however remedied by the Dawes plan of payment in 1923. In the matter of security there have been repeated attempts since the war. France directly or indirectly has been behind these efforts. By a guarantee of existing boundaries she claims that there can be security; but without security there cannot be disarmament; without disarmament there is always a possibility of war. One of the attempts took the form of the treaty of mutual assistance; another brought forth the Peace of Protocol. Both of these were failures largely through the failure of Great Britain to accept the responsibility of putting her power behind the maintenance of the "status quo" of Europe. The British dominions were even more decided than Great Britain in their refusal to be party to the commitments.

The final meeting at Locarno was a great success. The treaties of security and arbitration were signed on October 16, 1925, making a happy ending to the German-French controversy.

The Locarno Pact is a "Treaty of Mutual Guarantee" to which Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Italy are parties. This treaty guarantees the existing frontier between Germany and France and the observances of those articles in the Peace Treaty which forbid Germany building fortifications or maintaining armed forces in the Rhine area. Complimentary and separate treaties were entered into at the same time between Germany and each of her neighbors to the East, namely, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. The treaty not only protects France from Germany but also Germany from France.

Great Britain made herself a part to the treaty guaranteeing the Rhineland boundary because she believed that it was worth while to take the risk as a precaution against another

war between France and Germany; but she declined to be a party to the complimentary agreements which were planned to minimize the danger of war in central Europe. There are many reasons why the Dominions should not be a party to European territorial guarantees, some of which are put forward in these terms by the Round-table: "So far the problem of the Rhineland pact has been discussed entirely from the point of view of Great Britain. This has been deliberate because the main decision has to be taken by Great Britain. The Round-table thinks that the Dominions ought not to sign any Rhineland guarantee Pact. If they had developed an effective machinery for inter-imperial consultation about foreign affairs or had agents of their own in foreign lands to inform them about international problems, it might be different. But it is not reasonable to expect people at the other end of the earth to commit themselves formally on a territorial question in Europe under conditions as they are today."

—J. A. Herriot,
Room 35.

ARMISTICE DAY

THE 1925 Armistice Day Service will be treasured for many a day by the one thousand two hundred Kelvin Students, who packed the great school auditorium on Wednesday, November the eleventh.

The sad strains of the mournful music blending with the still sadder notes of the last post struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the student body, many of whom had lost fathers or brothers on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

The speaker was the Rev. F. W. Kerr of Manitoba College, who in his address dwelt on the Victories of Peace, rather than on the combat of War. In dealing with the Locarno Peace Pact he paid tribute to the great services rendered to humanity through the statesmanship of the Hon. Austin Chamberlain and the other diplomats who framed this great international peace agreement. These men, said he, laid aside all thought of pursuit of national gain, and sought to reach an agreement which would benefit every nation without injuring any.

—Marlin Newton,
Room 35.

Around the Halls

ROOM NOTES OF 23

OUR class officers elected for this term are as follows: Kenneth Lemon, President; Robert Smith, Vice-President; Genevieve Bogart, Secretary-Treasurer, and Lawrence Herbert, Sports Captain.

We have realized a degree of success in sports. Our team won the grade nine football championship, and our room is tied for the lead in the "B" section hockey, having lost only one game, that by default.

The hockey team is made up of the following boys: John Isbister, Roy Musgrove, Henry Cooke, Allan Hoover, Kenneth Truman, Douglas McLeod and Jack Vance. We regret very much that the last named is not able to play any more hockey on account of an injury received in the last game.

There have been only two goals scored against the team so far this season.

The primary basketball team is leading its division and has yet to be beaten.

It might be said that if we do not learn anything else we will at least learn to do multiplication as our teacher holds a special class almost every day after four.

Owing to the scarcity of the Scotch members in our class the sports money was collected in record time.

ROOM 39

THE members of class thirty-nine are slowly but surely floundering their way through a series of those necessary nuisances sometimes called exams. During the past week, we have been burning the midnight oil, while attempting to grasp a little light on the subject of Latin conjugations and French pronouns.

Next week class thirty-nine is going to exhibit some of its powers of argument in a series of debates. One group of fair young damsels is planning to enlighten us on the subject of the Locarno Pact, while another group, widely versed in affairs of this world, is giving us an exhibition of their powers of persuasion and conviction on a subject no smaller than the League of Nations.

The two social events of our class were real successes. In the fall we staged a farewell party for Evangeline Cummings, who was forced to leave us to take up residence in the metropolis of Dauphin. The party was held at the home of Jean Hitchings. Our other social event was a tramp to the Cabbage Patch. Some of the girls took skis with them, and when we had almost reached our destination, they proceeded to show us how many ways it was possible to go down a ski slide, one of which was to remain balanced on the feet. Nearly everyone tried their luck, but with little success. Many were the shrieks and groans heard issuing from the regions of the bottom of the slide.

As for sports, there is nothing slow about room thirty-nine. We have several star basket-ball players, one speed skater, Marjorie Smart, who actually holds the girls' Western Canada championship, and we also have three rinks of curlers.

There is a class in thirty-nine,
Who always come to school on
time (?)

Ask Miss Macdougall
They work with all their might and
main;

Put school above all other claims;

Ask Miss Macdougall
They'll die of work before they're old,
Because "The good die young," 'I'm
told,

But if you think this isn't so,
Ask Miss Macdougall.

ROOM 37

WE REALLY need the whole paper for our History of 1926 but as the editors, sub-editors, etc., all seem to be descendents of Robert Bruce or some other worthy Scotchman, we must be content with one small corner.

In October we began to realize our importance when our candidate "Babe" Monkhouse was elected vice-president of the school.

We really feel honored in having so many illustrious personages amongst us. We think that our most worthy president Jack Illsey agrees with us. He is seen to adorn our doorposts

frequently. Jack's middle name by the way is Hartwell, so we advise Jack if he wants to live up to his name that he had better not continue to do this. But to return to ourselves and the naming of our noted.

First is our venerable professor-to-be who never ventures forth without a large Webster's dictionary tucked under her arm.

"As spring draws near
Poets always appear."

We certainly have enough budding poetesses with us, but unfortunately none of them have budded yet. However spring is not quite here so let us hope for the best.

Then there is our Horatio who doesn't hold the bridge but holds her own in Latin matches with clinched hands and gritted teeth.

Last but not least (in size) are our athletes. In basketball they have won two games and lost two. But in curling they excel. We have three rinks in the room, skipped by Kay Sprowle, Vee Walsh, and Marge Strainson. Kay's rink has been very successful and has won every game, top-notchers so far.

"So leaning in this small corner are
names, we trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

ROOM 18

INTRODUCING Room 18. Room 18 is composed of boys from the Earl Grey and Lord Roberts schools. Coming to a new school and joining with a new class is not as easy as it might seem. However, that difficulty was overcome easily in the Fall, and we are now, thanks to the timely tips of our excellent group of teachers, a real class of Kelvin students.

Hector Munro was elected president of the room and has ably filled that office with the whole-hearted support of the other officers and the boys in the room.

We are an average boys' class, work and play being the dominating features of our school life. However, we are not always goodie-goodies, to a few of our teachers in particular, we are known as "Maxwell's Mischievous Monkeys," with three capital M's.

Our activities have been many and varied. In both field days our room was well represented, Jack Cavanagh

and Mortimer Margolius being our outstanding entrants. The hockey, junior and intermediate basketball teams are well placed in their divisions, especially the latter, the members of which have every reason to believe they will stay on top.

As yet we have had no party nor has it ever been suggested to any great extent and no one seems sorry. Maybe it is because we have had too many parties already with the janitor at noon, asking him to please turn on our drinking fountain. It was turned off because some of the big Monkeys thought the baby Monkey of the class, Charles Gillin, needed his hair washed. But alas, our fun was spoiled by the janitor entering upon the scene at the critical moment, and for a space of three weeks we were forced to listen to all about the Perfect Infinitive, Passive Participle, and the Active and Passive Periphrastics. Such dry stuff Latin is, without a drink!

ROOM 40

WITH a Wish-bone for our classpin we have had a fairly successful year, so far.

The basketball team has not carried away many honors, but we hope to win some games yet this season. Chris. Bramley is an enthusiastic forward and a general good sport. We made a fairly good showing on field day, winning a ball-throwing contest. We had a number of entries in the shuttle and plain races also. Louise Kirk (our sports captain) entered the swimming races and came second.

Jack Illsey scored our votes because one of the numerous articles on his platform was an elevator. This would save us from many toilful hours spent in writing French verbs for being late. May we add that we haven't seen any sign of it yet.

Our Class-party held a short time ago was a great success. We hiked out to the Cabbage Patch. A number of the girls got separated and went out by way of the river. They got soaked and finally arrived at their destination to find that they were holding up the eats. They were welcomed by Miss Carson and Edith Ryall our president, who were beginning to worry. The other girls were sorry to see them, because that meant half-a-dozen sandwiches less each for

them. We then partook of the held up eats. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, Charleston contests and stunts (as we have a few double-jointed people). We don't like to give away secrets, but Phill. Turner won the Charleston contest by default. Grace Simonite and Louise Kirk are our champion Charlestoners. They usually accompany themselves on combs but are sometimes assisted by 40's gramophone. Phill Turner, our Secy.-Treas., paid the bill with an added five-cent tip supplied by one of our Scotchmen, Donald McTavish. Some of the girls crossed the river going home, while the remainder of the party stayed on the bank nervously chewing the "life-savers."

Our chief pastime is writing French verbs. Something would happen to our French Teacher if she didn't have Lill. Armstrong's and Lella Coutts' daily dozen verbs to correct. So say Lill and Lella. Cleo the statue in 40 is never lonesome after four. The other occasional stragglers get their dose also.

Our Geometry Teacher is trying hard to make us believe that some Geometry propositions ought to appear to our fastidious minds greater than the seven wonders of the world. Are we to believe it, or not? We are accomplishing great things in some subjects, we are told, and there's just a chance that we may shine in June.

ROOM 36

IT IS solely from the effects of the waggish wit of the wierd Mr. Whyard and the rest of our well known comedians that Room 36 has so far managed to struggle through the bored life of a high school existence and has survived during those last lingering moments of the passing periods that have proved the only bugbear of our otherwise free and easy life since last September. However, notwithstanding the untiring efforts of Messrs. Whyard, Balcovski, and Stratton to lift us from the depths of boredom, the more sophisticated members of the room have felt themselves, for some time being gradually overcome by this dread disease. In fact, one fatality has already occurred, and it was with a feeling of the deepest sorrow that we beheld our comrade "Dora" McCut-

cheon finally give up the struggle and leave us.

However the occasion of his going provided the necessary material for our first social function, and the evening of February 12 saw us gathered round the festive board in the Mikado Annex. Things started out quite gaily but after Geo. Smith had broken one plate as a beginning and had found that he would be required to pay for it, the rest of the dinner proceeded quietly as the most of us, like George, are Scotch. After a fine little speech by Art Gourley, in which he mentioned that he was having a glorious time (it was a "stag" dinner), our debut into society broke up to the temperamental tune of ("Show me the way to go home.")

The room has managed to leave a fairly presentable record behind them in sports. Getting down to business early, our track athletes romped home with the school championship tucked under their belts, thus getting off to a good start on the year's work. The football championship also came to 36, as the team, ably managed by Jimmy Cavers, our Sports Captain, defeated Room 17 the Junior champions, in the final. Jimmy also captained the school team. In Hockey, the sporting stock of the school slumped disastrously but revived again when the Junior Basketeers, led by Dave King, took their division championship without a defeat, while the Seniors, after losing their first game to 17, played consistently from then on to retain second place, a result due in the main part to the playing of Jack McDonald.

In Curling, our maxim seems to have been that "There's safety in numbers," for we had more curlers than any other room entered in the School Competitions, evidently believing that one rink at least would bring home the bacon. Our reasoning seemed correct, as Cam. Haig returned with the School Championship, while Lorne Woods and his rink from 36 fought their way through to the finals of the consolation in the Inter-High Bonspiel.

A certain degree of success also attended our efforts in the School Elections when our candidate Art Gourley, as the Ladies' Choice, captured the post of Secretary after a rather strenuous campaign.

Our scholastic ability remains to be proven in time. Yet we are entertaining high hopes in this respect, because we have it on the highest authority from Mr. Willoughby, "that if we live long enough, apply ourselves diligently to school work, and don't die in the meantime we'll probably learn something in the end." Which is, as you will admit, very encouraging.

—"Heaver."

ROOM 26 NEWS

THE glass of fashion and the mould of form" might be fittingly applied to the inmates of Room 26. Situated a few paces from the office, and seldom loitering in the halls, we spend all our time in strenuous studying. However, in spite of the vast amount of work we cover, we are not behind the times in sports. Three girls represent us in the school basketball team, while five others have shown a keen interest in curling, winning several games in their series.

On the 17th of February, we held our class party, which took the form of a tramp. After a merry frolic to City Park, we returned to the home of Isabel Hodgson, to enjoy refreshments and dancing. We unanimously declared it the best party of the year. The teachers present were: Miss Colwell, Miss Staples, Miss Flanagan, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Fanshaw.

We are a prudent lot. The wise judgment of the class was shown in the selection of officers to carry on the work of the class, namely Pres. Jeanette Riddell, whose work is now being carried on by Gertrude Langeley; Vice-President, Helen Owen; Secretary, Margaret Sinclair; Sports Captain, Inez McKinnon.

ROOM 22

WELL, Room 22 is on the map this year. Last year the pupils being a combined grade nine and ten room were too busy working their eleventh grade to contribute to their paper. This year 22 is a grade nine Commercial, and as we have a little more time to spare, we are contributing a few items to the year-book.

Our class elections took place in the third week of September. Those

elected were: Linden Gay, President; Cyril Halter, Vice-President; Philip Buchanan, Secretary; and Edward Morley, Sports Captain.

We have had rather a poor year in sports, although we started out well by winning the grade nine shuttle race in October, and also by producing a number of promising athletes for the track team. We did not do so well after this. In football we dropped into second and third place in the Junior and Intermediate division respectively. In hockey the Intermediate team was eliminated from standing by Room 23, but our basketball primaries are showing fine form, and hope to win the championship. In the inter-school snowshoe races a member of our class, Maunders McNeil, brought honor to Kelvin by winning first place. A miniature curling tournament was held in our room, in which Cyril Halter and Jack Conde proved to be the superiors of the Noble brothers, with Norman Alsip and Cecil Redding close thirds. The room has bright prospects for the baseball season, and is eagerly waiting for the opening. A little more team work would do wonders, and by the time baseball season rolls around the prospective players hope to be in shape.

—Cyril Halter.

ROOM 35½—ENTRY

THIS year we have enjoyed a term "chaulk" full of hard work, small enterprises and many exiguous incidents. So, following roughly the preceding headings an attempt will be made to give an account of our activities.

Just before Christmas we were very sorry to have our small numbers depleted by the departure of John Arnold from our midst to remote parts of this vast territory. He went to the Coast and is now probably lying in beds of primroses singing "It ain't going to rain no more." Lately we were grieved to lose Tom Horne, one of our foremost basket snatchers on the team belonging to 35½. He is now behind iron bars (in a bank where he is SUPPOSED to work). It is indeed disappointing that we must sustain these two losses.

We conducted what outwardly appears to the "lay scholar" as our

class elections, at the first of the term. As is usual, charms such as enormous strength, length of "jaw," side-burns, etc., were the main factors. The first state attempt at "organization and reform" was the getting of class pins. However the effort liquidated (gas can be changed into liquid) and was never heard of again, although we have a President, Vice-President, Secretary and two Sport Captains. This outstanding enterprise is another of those "still standing out."

Our lot has been hard indeed, for it seems that as a punishment for our demanding to take two grades in one, we were shut off into the now obsolete school museum. This apartment contains three windows for keeping out the fresh air. We feel rather prehistoric and cut off from the world.

CRASH!! BANG!! OOWAH!! PAPTRAS!!—followed by a silence that seemed to ring through the noon hour and could be felt by all. Could it have been Stan wrestling with a quadratic surd or one of the gentler sex having a more or less lady-like tussle with the tactics of Caesar's legions "in exepedita"? No! nothing so awe-inspiring, but two of our aspiring, or perspiring, athletes, our esteemed president and one of his beloved retainers trying to work off some superfluous energy on the boys' clothesrack, that might well have been expended on the "Pons As-senorum." They swayed sideways, upwards and backwards—with a result that a violent meeting was staged between the aforesaid rack and a hall-way window pane. That night, like hungry ghosts, the janitors came, and despoiled that hard-fought field. We gave the boys our sympathy, though financially our aid was negligible.

ROOM 17

AS AN all-round room, 17 is about on top. In sports, our senior basketball team succeeded in getting first place. Our football team obtained second place and in the field day the room again received second honors. Socially 17 has no rival. For the last six months 17 and other rooms, have been the enthusiastic guests of Mr. Jewitt, from 4 to 6

o'clock every evening. At these receptions much Geometry and Algebra is consumed.

Recently, Mr. Jewitt's "Dearly Beloveds" have been much "Rationalized" by the various "Propositions" which have been put up to them. This does not seem to have suppressed Robb, our writer, for he is still on his seven hundred and sixty-seventh story. He has been working on it in French periods since Christmas. He and his friend Baird are not known widely in sports but they are quite popular among their lady friends.

Havens, too, comes from 17. He plays basketball, baseball, football and hockey—when he can pinch his sister's skates. He also studies. (What?)

ROOM 35

THIS year we have the honor of addressing the readers of the K.T.H.S. as the Senior Engineering Class of Kelvin. The class 35 this year is the result of the amalgamation of the bright lights of last year's 33 and 34 grade ten classes, as well as a few of last year's 35 residents.

The room's roll contains the names of many of Kelvin's prominent students. The list including both our President, Jack Illsey, and our Cheer Leader, Gord. Main.

Room 35 has not endeavored to run away with all the sporting events but we have succeeded in the social, and we were going to say scholastic, but perhaps we had better wait for the future to prove it.

In case that it may have escaped your notice, we wish to tell you that three of the team representing Kelvin in the finals of the Inter-High Curling Bonspiel were from 35, including Harris Pound, the skip. Our room has also been well represented on all other school teams, this of course does not include the girls teams. It is well known that our golf tournaments are perhaps the leading sport events of Kelvin.

The theatre parties of 35 have been very successful until lately.

ROOM 13

THIRTEEN is a prime number and although some teachers are rather unwilling to admit it they believe us to be a prime class.

A good part of the term has gone and we have heard a great deal about the French Past Definite, and Bottom's character; we are continually reminded to "study Latin vocabularies." Factoring is our specialty in Mathematics, and we know all about root hairs in Science. Almost every Friday afternoon the study class enjoys a short program of singing from our German class. If anyone is looking for help in any of these subjects, please remember that we are ready—to be helped too.

We are interested in other things besides studying. We had a corn roast down by the river. Roasted corn is usually very hot, but ours was cooled by the rain. Then we had a hike. It ended at the Cabbage Patch where we did justice to the good supper. After supper we danced; and the Charleston was done in many different steps.

Our girls are well known around Kelvin for their splendid work in sports. Four of our girls wear the cherry and grey of the "B" basketball team in Kelvin. Five others did well in the skating races, and another in the swimming race. Then look what we did on sports day; and so when the best is needed just come to us.

The Crescent Creamery, after carefully scrutinizing all the rooms, decided to station their depot outside of ours as we had the most efficient walking advertisements for their company. Do not misjudge us, we mean our complexions.

Finally, Room 13 wishes to explode the superstition that surrounds this number, for we are having the best and luckiest year that ever was.

ROOM "A"

ROOM "A" is one of the peripatetic groups of our school family. When at home, our smiling faces brighten the Auditorium Gallery; but as we have no desks, and our lockers are far away, we are generally in a state of migration. In our itinerary we sojourn in many different rooms. This mode of existence has developed in us a cosmopolitan attitude of mind. We are at home wherever we lay down our books. Speaking of books reminds us that it has been mildly insinuated that we occasionally ex-

port more than we import. We also have been named as the possible culprits in the disintegration of a chair and the irruption of a blackboard. We consider refutation unnecessary. One look at our guileless faces should convince the most casual observer that circumstantial evidence is a very insufficient source of proof.

We trust that the compilers of the "Word Book" will observe from the above that their labors have not been thrown away on us.

Did not our friend Shakespeare commend one who was able to find "sermons in stones" and "books in running brooks"? We were emulating this worthy when we gathered in some information about the lever the day of our class party at the Cabbage Patch. At our suggestion, the kind farmer who gave us a ride in his sleigh explained how to place the double-tree so that one horse would draw one third more than the other. As this problem was our homework for the next day, we had a righteous sense of duty done. This pleasant event occurred on February 11th. After enjoying a good supper, dancing, and singing we left for home. On the street car we kept up the traditions of the school by giving the Kelvin yell.

On March 5th, we held a little farewell party on honor of our President, Florence Douglas, who was leaving to reside in California. On behalf of the class, Rhea Sterling, Vice-President, presented Florence with an autograph album in which each member of the class had left her mark. In a few well-chosen words, Florence thanked us and assured us she would always remember dear old Room "A" and would write to Mrs. Sweet, our class teacher. The meeting closed by singing "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

ROOM 25

AFTER the excitement of School Elections the girls and boys of '25 began to prepare for field day. Ten of the girls made up a shuttle team. Only one girl, namely Clarice Whittekin, was chosen to race at River Park.

Talk about being generous, Room 25 always gives its games to the opposing teams as they refuse to be too greedy. That is why everyone wishes

to play with us. The "A" team consists of Ruth Wally, Madeline Hadcock, Ruth Haglof, Dorothea Poole, Mable McKenzie. All the fast girls in our room are waiting for the spring when they will again continue their marathon sprints.

Our boys have done well in sport this year. Our hockey team went through the league with only one defeat. The lineup consisted of Armour, Lytle, B. Sharpe, Major, G. Sharpe, Robinson and Campbell. In the Field Day we took a few firsts, George Sharpe won the intermediate mile and half mile, Bob Sharpe won the junior half mile and Harry Lowery came third in the Primary half mile. Lowery, Sharpe Bros. and Gardiner all made places on the School relay teams.

Room 25 supplied half the skating team for Kelvin also two members of the hockey team. Rudy Martin bids fair to being Kelvin's marathon runner. If you are doubtful go to the Gym. 3rd period Wednesday A.M.

Famous sayings of our teachers:

Mr. ——— Steady now, steady, I want it quiet everywhere.

Mr. ——— What the Sam Hill! Why that's "perfectly preposterous."

Miss ——— Now, Charlie—Charlie take that front seat.

ROOM 12

IN JANUARY just for a lark
We made a trip to River Park,
Our teachers went out with the class
And sliding made the hours pass,
Then wearily we took car seats
And went to Owena's home for eats,
This party was a great success
As anyone might quickly guess.

Our Sports Captain is G. McCall
And we are keen on basketball,
She takes keen interest in all sport
But we are sorry to report
Her lessons are not all O.K.
But then I'm sure that you will say,
"All work, no play," which we enjoy,
"Always makes Jack a dull boy."

Our President is Lillian Gould
A very fine one we are told,
And I'm quite sure you will agree
No secretary beats M. Priestly.
This is all the news that we possess
So say "Goodbye to K.T.H.S."

ROOM 24

ROOM 24 for the first time in several years is a mixed room. This small fact led to our first discussion, i.e., the use of the gym, said discussion terminating quite happily and satisfactorily, thank you.

The officers elected for this year were:

President—Dorothy Whyte.

Vice-Pres.—Bill McCullough.

Secretary—Ruth Udow.

Girls' Sport Captain — Evelyn Wright.

Boys' Sport Captain — Murray Boulton.

On January 27th we had the usual hike to the Cabbage Patch. We were accompanied by Miss Earls and Miss Flannigan, and we all had a very jolly time.

So far our room does not exactly shine at sports, but being a mixed room we perhaps have not had the chance that some have. We have a basketball team among the girls, but although we have only won one game (by default), we are most cheerful and optimistic losers and hope for a brighter future.

In the field day events some of our girls ran in the shuttle races, and Jean Marshall did very well indeed in the Junior dash.

At present we are all burning the midnight oil (believe it or not) studying for the approaching exams.

As mentioned before, we are the most optimistic group, and have rosy hopes of passing this year.

ROOM 27

ROOM 27 made a good getaway on the road-race from September to June. We speeded through September merely touching at "Election of Officers" and "Choosing of Class Pins." We sped past October and November as a couple of milestones on the way, celebrated with a party a la gym, and organized a couple of basketball teams. The "A" team, by the way, haven't lost a game—as yet, the "B" team being so benevolent as to do the losing for them. While we are on the subject we'll inform you that our good friend "Ike" Stewart is a member of Kelvin "A" team, while Lucille Merrit represents us on the "B" team. Next we passed full speed into December. Here we drop-

ped off a couple of good cheer hampers, and stopped Christmas week for repairs. January, 1926 found 27 plunging ahead again. About this time two curling teams sprang into existence, and they are still very much alive. In February the hard-worked racers tramped to the Cabbage Patch, to partake of brown bread and beans. On the way out one of our members nearly became non-existent by gripping a ride on a truck, while three others taking a shortcut became lost in the vast white wilderness. But in spite of extra French lessons, after four classics in Algebra and Geometry, not to mention numerous other distressing subjects, we are still full of pep for the final home run.

ROOM 14

HERE is a "coming generation" of Kelvinites which is doing and which is going to do all it can for K.T.H.S. Helen Hickman is the President and leading spirit, while Dagmar Gustafson, Alice Irwin, and Margaret Orde also shine in the roles of capable and sympathetic advisors and administrators. As we have this golden opportunity to do a little press-agent work, we cannot resist saying that you would have to go a long way to find a better, and a more go-getting (not goat-getting) group of officers.

In January the class bravely faced a stormy blast and tramped to the Cabbage Patch, where we were reinforced in the usual manner and where dancing occupied the remainder of the evening. Mrs. Sweet, Miss Brown, and Miss Flanagan accompanied the party. This has been our only social event so far, but we intend to follow it with another soon.

In sports, Room 14 has stepped out with the best of them, having a representative on both Kelvin basketball teams (Dagmar Gustafson and Phyllis MacKenzie) and having had great success in the inter-class games so far. We also have some speed skaters and regular Alpine skiers in our ranks. The latter, unfortunately, are usually in a condition similar to our friend Jiggs, after a little interview with his spouse.

We have lately had several interesting and intellectual debates which have been a great source of enter-

tainment (and apparent amusement) to the class. The propositions were: Resolved that movies are more beneficial than the stage. Resolved that immigration should be further encouraged. Resolved that Mr. Hahn's Memorial Cenotaph design should be accepted. The speakers did very well, despite those well meaning friends who will smile at the wrong time, and they are to be congratulated.

Room 14 wishes to congratulate the editor and the editorial staff of K.T.H.S. on their splendid work in producing this school magazine of which we are all so proud, and which surely unites the whole school in a spirit of co-operation and fraternity as nothing else could do.

ROOM 34

THE Grade Ten Engineering Class of 34 sends its greetings to the K.T.H.S., which may well be assured of our support as we believe that a great school such as Kelvin should not be without a school paper.

Sad to relate, Room 34 has but 32 of the members of this great and august body of learning. But still we manage to have a wonderful time, especially when we try to decide on anything, such as class elections.

In the struggle for the position of class officers Desmond Kobold (well known as "Dizzy") won out in the presidential campaign; George Stevens, secretary of last year, captured the vice-presidency, while Jack Ashdown slipped into the secretary's office. (He was the most honest appearing in the room.) Jack Roland held down the keystone bag as sports captain until he went East, and so Norman Emery (better known as "Shirts") was elected to fill his place.

About January, Ack Ketchen—yes, he's still with us—decided that if Room 34 had an orchestra we should shine exceedingly well. The orchestra was composed of one sax, two banjos, one clarinet, one violin, one piano, and—oh, yes—twelve ukes. But a nemesis in the guise of Ack's sax with its sobs, sputters and moans quickly withered and shattered their budding hopes.

Des Kobold is the fly wheel in our social activities, ably assisted by Messrs. Ashdown, Hill, Thompson and Emery. The remainder content themselves by allowing these honorable

gentlemen to compete for the title of "King Shiek and Cookie Pusher." But because these boys like social affairs it is not to their detriment for Mr. Thompson came second in the fancy skating for juniors at the Winnipeg Skating Club, and as for Mr. Kobold, well, everyone knows that for years past he has helped hold up the honor of Kelvin in the track-meets. Skiing is a favorite sport for these lads, as well as football, basketball and hockey.

Out of the room, Ashdown, Kobold, Kennedy, Frazer and Swan made Kelvin's Track Team last fall. Alex Swan won one of the few sports championships that were appropriated—so you see that Room 34 has carved a niche in the "Hall of Heroes." Now it only remains for the June exams for them to shine in their scholastic abilities.

Now then—let's all get together for a "BIGGER and BETTER Kelvin!"

ROOM 28

IN SPITE of a late start, Room 28 has enjoyed (enjoyed is the word) a very successful term—so far. Owing to the confusion of changing classes, and many late arrivals, the class was perhaps slower than usual getting going. But now we're hard to stop. Our room is perhaps the most cosmopolitan in the school, and therefore the most broadminded. We try our best to appear to enjoy the existence of the rest of the school—but you know how it is—.

Our class party was a success. So far no complaints have been registered. We met at the school, and tramped out to the Canoe Club. The night was almost perfect for a tramp, and only a few of the class were absent. Dancing followed, that is when we arrived, and then the "eats." Those who did not dance gathered around the fireplace and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Some of the dancers did their best to wreck the immediate scenery, but only half succeeded. To see we got home safe, Miss Brown, Miss MacBeth, and Miss Mackenzie kindly accompanied us.

As for sports, 28 has been ably represented in almost every branch. Five of our room basketball team were on the school team (see picture). Why we did not win the bas-

ketball room championship is a mystery to the writer. The girls' sports were not quite so—ah—successful.

Studies seem to be coming on all right, but we'll not discuss them. Our officers for the year are:

President—Ross Brereton.

Vice-Pres.—John Scott.

Secretary—Marion Davidson.

Between the three of them they could start a bank right now.

ROOM 38

THIS year so far has been a very successful one for 38. We have surpassed no one in either school or sports as 38 is wont to do, so you see we are not only successful but we are original also. This you may notice is not the usual line of "I Love Me" stuff that most rooms put in the paper. We realize that the editors wanted news and not a statement of accomplishments. This is a purely legitimate and statistical statement.

A short time ago the whole class burst forth into music and developed an orchestra of tremendous volume. Happily this artistic effort died young because Mr. F—— has an appreciation of good music. However the orchestra proved that "music hath not charms."

Famous Sayings of Famous Folks

Any person who can give the names of the teachers who say these expressions, and brings the correct list to Room 38 will be given a genuine Irish peanut washer with an automatic safety device. The presentation will take place in the auditorium. Cheer leaders and janitors will be present.

The sayings are as follows:

"We'll see what Mowat says on that."

"Did you touch him?"

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not," etc.

"Geometry class tonight."

"Students, have you your homework done?"

"Boys, boys, this will never do."

"Go, I said."

"Nothing to do. Nothing to do."

ROOM 16

SWEET 15 is well represented with teams in all the sports, but we will not dwell upon that subject as it is

rather painful, although, as you know, our friend Ketchinson galloped home on the Kelvin Field Day coping quite a few places.

Socially our activities have not been great either, but this is probably due to the fact that some of the fellows, notably Coke Parker and Jack Harvey, get fed up by having to attend so many receptions in Rooms 24 and 38.

As to our class officers:—Ian Ketchen occupies the chair-warming position, and is known as President; little Billie Scott fills the Vice-Presidency; and Clarence Kelly has to do the strenuous work of Secy.-Treasurer, his regular routine per day being to make a round of the room trying to collect fees. Earl Fairey is Sports Captain. He has instituted inter-row basketball league games, but this doesn't always work well as such boys as Glen Pierce and Bill Goodeve only about reach little Billie Scott's knees.

Bill Goodeve is heard every noon clanking up the stairs with a dozen or so milk-bottles for the little boys that stay for lunch.

We have several budding authors and poets in our room, although they are rather shy to declare it. One of these, named Scott, as Gorden Hemming says, is our Longfellow. We also have one or two good dancers, and if a Charleston contest opened we know Hughie Grassby would easily take first place.

Bill Page and Bob Bowman seem to be looking rather pale these days. We think they must be studying too hard.

Last year's class has made rather an impression on our room, but this is mostly on the desks. This year the situation is reversed, for one of the black-boards fell out and made its mark on the head of one of the rooms' studious occupants, D'Donnel by name.

ROOM 5

ROOM 5, the class of future bank presidents, general managers, clerks, and office boys, commenced business in September with the hope of establishing a record in Senior Commercial circles. This hope is still entertained, but although no records have been broken, the class has done exceedingly well.

In selecting the officers for the room, Jack Farnsworth was elected President, Alan Perry Vice-President, Lyall Holmes Secretary-Treasurer, and last but not least, Jack Quinn as Sports Captain. Now for some instructive criticism. The President is not much good—everyone agrees on that. Alan Perry's hair grows whiter every day from worry caused by doing the President's work, his own, and trying to referee what is called basketball, but what really is a genuine rugby game. Lyall Holmes spends his spare time chasing up the "lates" and extracting a five cent fine. The class has hopes that Captain Quinn will pilot their different teams to success.

This ambitious bunch decided to have a toboggan party, which turned out to be a huge success. After sliding for some time, they ambled over to the residence of Frank Embury, and had supper. The class is very grateful to Mrs. Embury for her kindness in looking after them.

Nearly all the pupils of Room 5 hope to leave the school this term, but they are not so glad to go as they make out, so it is possible that some will decide to stay another year or so.

—J. F., President.

ROOM 21

OUR girls are very active in the line of sport this year: on Field Day Eva Ferguson ran in the Junior Dash for Kelvin, and five Room 21 girls ran in the Shuttle Race; Vera Dakins and Rosina Buckingham are on the Kelvin "A" Basketball Team; we hope to shine in baseball too.

Last autumn we had a weiner roast at East Kildonan and enjoyed ourselves very much. We also had a toboggan party at River Park in January at which we had a really good time.

Some of our girls have already left school this year and hold very good positions, among these are Jessie Burrows, and Clara Isherwood who last year represented the Commercial Department at the Graduation by an able article on Winnipeg City.

We have lately welcomed to our class a new girl from Toronto, Lenore Wood, who, while there, attended the High School of Commerce.

This is the foremost Commercial school in Canada.

We very much regret the fact that Florence Whitehouse is leaving us soon to go to the U.S.A. We are sure she will shine as a Room 21, K.T.H.S. student.

ODE TO 15

FIFTEEN! Fifteen! Oh, how beloved thou are!

We view with tears

The coming years

When we from thee must part.

We love and adore thee and with thee we would stay;

But alas! We know,

We'll have to go

On some unhappy day.

We'll think of thee and the bliss we had,

How our joys you shared,

And how little you cared,

If we were good or bad.

Thy ceiling white and floors brown,

Thy blackboard bright,

Are our delight,

On thy face there's ne'er a frown

Thy windows are pearls of the deepest sea,

Through there streams

The golden beams

Of sunshine rich and free.

Thro' joys and sorrows with us you've gone,

As with grammar we fought,

And for learning sought,

As our books we strove to con.

The time of parting has now drawn near.

We'll say good-bye,

With many a sigh

To thee, whom we hold so dear.

—A Fifteener.

ROOM 15

Experiment—Object

TO PROVE that Room 15 is a jolly crowd of girls and that they are not, as might be supposed, as helpless as a cross-word puzzle fiend without a pencil, as mean as the barber who puts hair restorer in his shaving cream, or as unimportant as a new scratch on a four-year-old car.

Apparatus

Forty-seven of each of the following articles: girls, half dollars, pairs of moccasins and other accessories for tramping; two or more teachers, some snow, one Cabbage Patch, and

last, but not least, lots of tea, sandwiches, cake, etc.

Procedure

Array the girls in sport togs with a half dollar in each girl's pocket. Leave all books the minute the bell rings, if not before, and take to the road leading to the Cabbage Patch. Stop at a store when you come to it, pull out the fifty cents and see what will happen.

When the Cabbage Patch is reached all dance to the strains of the ancient piano or unhealthily squeaking victrola, until supper is announced. After the repast has been dispatched call for speeches. Then adjourn to the dance floor, strike up the "Merry Widow," and dance that waltz until the very plates rattle on the walls. Now come some Fox Trots, to give the graceful dancers of "15" an opportunity to display their skill at the Charleston, and the musicians to rattle the ukulele strings until they give way under the unusual strain.

After a very unmusical sing song withdraw from the Cabbage Patch and wend the way home singing, talking and laughing. When home crawl into bed in time to be late for school the next morning.

ROOM 33

AS OUR class, which is mainly from Room 5, did not have a showing in last year's paper, we wish to make ourselves heard in this year's edition. We have a truly wonderful class consisting of thirty boys and six girls. Perhaps you will wonder why there are not more girls in the class. The chief reason for this is because our course is somewhat out of the ordinary. It may be termed "Combined" having two sciences and Latin instead of French. Because there are only six girls in the class, it has been difficult to organize a class party, however we hope to have one in the near future.

The boys of Room 33 started in the senior and intermediate basketball leagues, but when the leagues were re-organized, both teams withdrew. The hockey team did rather well considering the fact that it played in the senior division.

The class applauds the efforts put forth by Charlie Benson in Kelvin's Hockey Team; Harry Eddy, who

won the Junior International Skiing Championship; and Jean Sproule, our speed skater.

The boys are looking forward to the baseball season, for they feel certain that if they get into their own class, they will make a very good showing.

We have one of the most interesting rooms in Kelvin, for it is the biology laboratory. The only trouble is that we cannot remain in it for more than one period a day, for we are a moving class. A magazine shelf has lately been erected and spare moments are profitably spent developing the intellect. Our class is blessed with some real thinkers and we fully expect that some of our members, who are interested in scientific research, will become as great scientists as Lord Kelvin himself.

ROOM 31

WE ARE by no means a homogeneous mixture, in fact we are the very opposite. None of us are alike in any respects. Some take one subject, some another. Some don't know what they are taking and some don't take anything at all. We have many young sparks of genius which modesty compels us to water. One of our worthy students, E. Robertson, was told to tackle an arithmetic problem. After a ten yard gain, and one more scrimmage she scored a touchdown. Room 31 wishes to express its deepest sympathy for K. Fraser and Do. White who receive from 4 till 6 every evening. We are now, with their vaulable late money, investing in a curfew. Early in the winter we enjoyed a tramp to the Cabbage Patch.

In sports, how we shine! Our only victory was by default.

One thing we feel proud of is that we have been on the top of the school for three years.

ROOM 12

ROOM 12, 1924-25, held a class reunion dinner at the Antique Shop, Thursday evening, March 4, 1926. The tables were decorated with Kelvin colors and individual menu cards. The former President, Ruth Turner, de-

clared in her speech that she hoped, owing to the success of this reunion, further gatherings would follow. Inez McKinnon offered a vote of thanks to Marion Davidson, Isabel French, and Doris Coulson for their success in uniting the number of girls. Rheta Leslie, representative of Agriculture College, first called the roll, then discussed the college life. Miss Ross, the class teacher, welcomed the girls, and wished them every success in future enterprises. Marion Davidson acted as Chairman throughout the dinner. A committee of four, Marion Davidson, Isabel French, Doris Coulson and Aileen Smith, was formed to arrange for a future reunion. Dancing made a fitting climax to the enjoyable gathering.



Our Canary President

"Can anyone tell me the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

Small boy—"One comes in bottles, the other in chests."



Presentation to Gerald Riddell



ON FRIDAY afternoon, February 26th, the students of Kelvin assembled in the school auditorium, to witness the presentation of the Governor-General's medal to Gerald Riddell. This medal is presented annually by Governor-General Byng to the best all round graduation student of Kelvin. The award is made by the teachers on the principle of academic



GERALD RIDDELL

standing, athletic ability, and leadership. Dr. McFarlen, chairman of the School Board; Dr. MacIntyre, Superintendent of Schools; Mr. Hodgson, and the school Officers were on the platform. Dr. McFarlen on presenting to Gerald the medal, spoke of the pleasure he felt in being able to give it to the son of his friend Dr. Riddell.

He also said that he considered the purpose of the Governor-General in donating this medal was to inspire its recipient with the desire and the ability to serve Canada.

Gerald, in reply, said that he considered the medal not so much a reward for past work as a challenge to future endeavor. He thanked the teachers who had, as he expressed it, "worked with me, worked at me, and worked on me," also the students who had supported and encouraged him during the year. Gerald had a very successful career at Kelvin. Last year he took the Grade XI Arts course in Room 36, and led his class in schoolwork, and in general ability. He was successful in winning a scholarship on the final examinations in June. At the school elections he was returned President, and fulfilled his duties very capably, his work being characterized by vigor and initiative. He is at present securing his higher education at Wesley, and we are sure he will be as successful there as he was at Kelvin.

After the presentation a tea was held in the Domestic Science room in honor of Gerald, the class and school presidents and teachers being present.

These winning the medal in the past ten years have been:

- 1916—Eileen Motley
- 1917—Mildred Lovell
- 1918—Arthur Leneve
- 1919—Mabel McCrae
- 1920—Hugh Saunderson
- 1921—Elgin Batho
- 1922—Margaret Goodwin
- 1923—Olive Crook
- 1924—David Foster
- 1925—Gerald Riddell

—E.T.



The Spirit of Yesteryear



NOW, it did happen that upon a certain eventide I betook myself unto the realm of bright lights, and having arrived thereat, did indulge in what is commonly called a "spree." And having thus betaken myself, it did come to pass that during the course of the night, I did partake of two lobster salads, one oyster cocktail, and sundry other delicacies, but when it came unto sardines interspersed with radishes, I did call a halt, and said unto him that served me, "Get thee hence!"

Now, it came to pass that when I had journied homeward and gone unto my nightly rest, I was sore troubled in my sleep, and it was with a great measure of difficulty and a little measure of success that I tempted the gentle goddess to come unto me. But when I had drowsed off—Lo! There did come unto me one as in a dream, clothed in white robes, and with speech like the booming of many guns. And he did open his mouth, and did speak, saying:

"Arise, for thou must follow me. I am the Spirit of Yesteryear, and for thy indulgences on this night, it is commanded that thou shalt walk with me. But inasmuch as thou didst forbear when the sardines interspersed with radishes were placed before thee, thy rest alone and not thy peace of mind shall be disturbed, and the sights which thou shalt see shall please thee."

"Get thee hence, disturber of the wearied who seek rest," said I, speaking unto him, "for I crave with much intensity of feeling my repose."

But he spake and said unto me, "Not so, partaker of lobster salad," and he grasped me by the hair of the head and led me out into the world.

And in the first place unto which we came, there was a great conglomeration of youths and maidens, who carried books in their arms and scholarly looks on their faces, and I divined that they were students, be-

cause of the air of learning which they imparted, and my companion saw me wondering, and said unto me, "This place is that branch of the University known as 'Varsity Arts.'" And behold, I was enlightened.

And chief amongst the youths and maidens was one BILL MASTERS by name, and I divined that he was chief high elevated ruler, or, in later phraseology, President, of the Freshman Class in that place, and that in his direction of affairs he was indeed popular. And, Lo! — Next to him amongst the chief highest was one JEAN CAMPBELL, and I learned that she was Vice-President there. And then I heard a great noise from a distance, and I turned my eyes in that direction, and, behold! — There came towards us a group of maniacs blowing horns. And I learned that they were what is called a jazz orchestra, and chief amongst them was one DOUG. CHEVRIER, who lead the orchestra when he was not indulging his studious air. And whilst I was in that temple of learning, I saw others, whom I recognized as ENID RUSSELL and EVELYN RANNARD, and the DONALD corporation, MacLEAN and MacLARTY, and TANNIS NORQUAY, and ARNI COULTER, who will one day be a doctor, and STELLA COUPAR, and "DUKE" MacDONALD, and a gentleman with scientific predelections, REX BOUGHTON, and many others whom I once knew, and lo! my eye was wet, for I had shed a tear.

And thence the Spirit of Yesteryear took me unto still another temple of learning, Wesley College, and in that place I did perceive the brothers FURNIVAL, EVANS, and GEORGE, and they were playing at the ancient game of basketball, and they did look exceedingly healthy and happy, and there were others of my friends in that place.

And close at hand there was a mighty building in the course of construction, which was destined to one

day be a great place of barter of all manner of merchandize, and there, superintending the going forth and the coming in of many men was one GEORGE DAVIS, and I spake unto him and said, "Howdy!"

And the unyielding executioner of my punishment lead me along the Avenue called Portage, and there was a noise like the pecking of ten million fowls at work on a tin roof, and behold!—it was a business college and the noise was that of typewriting machines, and operating the typewriters were MAYE SINCLAIR and HARRY SPARKS, and another of fame, MARGUERITE DAGG, and still another, DORIS HORNE, and it was a joy to see them.

And thence we departed and went unto a school of art, and there, wielding a brush and producing works of exceeding great beauty was the chief lady of the year gone by, and she was JEAN BARBER, and I heaved a sigh, and so did the spirit. Whereupon I was consumed with jealousy, but I was glad to see her.

And next we travelled in the realm of Life Insurance Companies, and a swarm of gentlemen descended on us waving sheets of paper and dotted lines, and amongst them I saw DOUG. WALKER, and GEORGE STAR, and GORDON "SY" DOUGLAS. But we departed thence in great haste and went unto the offices of a Mortgage Company, where was to be seen that most famous of the famed, LESLIE SPEECHLEY, our past vice-president. And we went unto still another office, where we saw a youth of exceeding pleasant countenance

beating basketball baskets into ploughshares, and the youth was FRANK "CONE" MacDONALD, and the office was that of the John Deere Plough Company. And I spake, and said unto him, "Shoot," and he did shoot an imaginary ball into an imaginary basket and did score an imaginary two points and I did say "Good old Cone!"

And next we journeyed unto that place where men daily do barter for wheat, called the Grain Exchange, and there I beheld one TERRY ROOKE by name, and another, REG. HALLILEY and still another, REGINALD RIPSTEIN, and many others besides.

And in my various goings and comings I had heard from the conversation about me that ALICE SPEIRS had departed unto Vancouver, and MARIE BARGEN to California, and I was exceedingly sorry to hear that these had gone from amongst us.

Now we went one more place that evening, and it was the millinery department of a great store, and there decorating hats was one RUTH TURNER.

But by this time my eyes were suffused with tears, because I did so long to be amongst these friends again, and I did lean on the shoulder of my Spirit to weep, but since he was only a Spirit and could in no wise support me, I fell to the ground.

And lo!—it was all a dream, and I had awakened. And although I no longer yearned for lobster salad, I did continue to yearn for those I had seen in my dream.





GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Jack McCulloch '36



KELVIN girls have entered into every sport this year in a way of which we are proud. Under the guidance of Miss Coussans, the girls were trained for the inter-high school track meet. It is to her credit that they accomplished what they did. Also Miss Coussans started basketball for the year, which Miss Flannigan ably carried on.

TRACK MEET

After the serious losses of last year, Kelvin girls resolved that they would do their part this year to bring Kelvin to the top. Accordingly the Senior shuttle started in fine style. St. John's, however, was better than our team and the final showed Kelvin coming second.

The Junior shuttle was then called. All three schools fumbled the stick and the race was very exciting. Edith Coulson, as our final runner, tried to make first place, but only succeeded in getting second.

Next came the Senior dash. Our two runners tried their best, but only succeeded in making third place. This was accomplished by Inez McKinnon.

The important event of the day was the Junior dash. Our runners showed fair speed, and the first place was made by Edith Coulson, second by Eva Ferguson.

We justly call Margaretta Halderston "Old Faithful." For two years she has been at Kelvin and has won the baseball throw. She has still another year to go, so we can count on her next year, too.

Although we did not come first this year, we succeeded in tying for second place, which was better than last year.

We must prevent St. John's from coming first next years again. The girls are game. Are the boys?

BASKETBALL

Girls' Basketball has always been an interesting sport. This year it is more so. Through the efforts of our Vice-President the girls are using boys' rules. The boys very kindly offered to teach the girls the new rules, and the result is that the girls play a much faster game than before.

On account of the change of rules we can hardly expect the girls to win every game. However, they have a motto they live up to:

Play the game and play it right

Try to win, put up the fight

When time is up, and time will tell,

If we have lost we'll all lose well.

The following girls were fortunate in making the teams this year:

"A" Team

Inez McKinnon (26), Doris Coulson (26), Maxine "Ikey" Stewart (27), Dagmar Gustafson (14), Laura Holmes (26), Vera Dakins (21), Rosina Buckingham (21), Margaret Cameron (31).

"B" Team

Eileen Hamphill (13), Laura McLarty (13), Annie Pelly (35½), Lucille Merriott (27); Edith Coulson (13), Phyllis McKenzie (14), Gertrude Pickles (13), Elinore Bridgman (39).

These teams display wonderful playing, especially the "A" team. Inez McKinnon is not only a good jumper, but an excellent long shooter. "Dot" Coulson puts in fine shots under the basket, while "Ikey" Stewart shoots

"A" TEAM

Winners of Girls' Inter-High Basketball



Rosina Buckingham
 Dagmar Gustafson Doris Coulson Laura Holmes Maxine Stewart
 Inez McKinnon (Captain)
 Vera Dakins Margaret Cameron

long shots from the side. So, with Vera Dakins and Margaret Cameron as guards, the team is made.

Our First Game

Our first game was with Normal. Shortly before Christmas Kelvin defeated Normal in a practice game. Normalites must have felt this defeat deeply, for when they met Kelvin in the real game after Christmas they almost overwhelmed us. Kelvin, however, played well all the way through but were defeated 16-4.

"Arts" Team Defeated

A really exciting game was that played with "Arts" team. Our girls felt their last defeat deep and determined to win this time. The defence on both sides was good, for they kept the score low; a feature which is not often found in a girls' game. The score was so even that the spectators were kept in suspense to the end of the game. When the time was up and the score given we found that Kelvin had won 8-7.

We hardly expected our girls to win against such a team as U.M.S.U.,

for this team was the winner of the league this year. Kelvin, as usual, played a good game and though not winning they received the name of "good little fighters." The shooting was a little poor in this game, but was made up by the excellent defence. The score was 16-4.

Kelvin gained their greatest victory over Wesley. Our forwards made up for the way they played in the other game by putting in one basket after another. The whole team, in fact, was up to the mark. At half time Kelvin was ahead, but Wesley had a chance to catch up. Our girls kept them down though and we won with the score 16-6.

Our "B" team was not quite so successful with their game. It was the first they had played so they were taken a little off their feet. They lost by a score of 8-2. We feel sure they will do better next time.

Another exciting game was with the girls' team of the Great West Life. This time the score was higher than ever before. The teams were evenly matched and both sides played

"B" TEAM*Winners of Inter-high Games*

Left to right—Lama McLarty, Lucille Merritt, Gertrude Pickles, Annie Pelley, Edith Coulson, Phyllis McKenzie, Ileana Hemphill

furiously. Kelvin proved herself the better of the two and won 22-18.

CURLING

The girls' curling has taken a huge jump to success this year. Instead of the usual seven or eight girls faithfully strolling into the curling rink, we find thirty-two eager girls who run for street cars so as to get there in time for good ice. There were so many intries this year that it was hard to find enough ice for them. Room 26 sent in one rink, 37 and 27 two rinks, and 39 three rinks. A schedule was made for the different rinks to compete with each other. So far Kay Sproule's rink, 37, and Isobel Mackichan's rink are leading. Veronica Walsh and Isobel Mackichan took part in the inter-high schooon bonspiel and were successful in winning. We are delighted to find that the girls are taking such an interest in curling and hope it will be carried on even more successfully next year. Warning—Learn to sweep now.

SWIMMING

Two Kelvin girls entered the swimming meet this year in the relay race but only succeeded in coming second. Our two hopeful young fish are Ruth King and Louise Kirk. They will be with us again next year and are sure to come first next time.

SKATING

The girls skating race was rather a mix up this year. On account of the misunderstanding of the signal for starting we lost time. Each girl in turn tried to make it up, but both were too far behind.

Our skaters were: Joan Campbell (13), Laura McLarty (13), Jean Sproule (33), and Margery Smart (39).

—Elinore Bridgman,
Room 37.



KELVIN SPEED SKATERS



Left to right—George Sharp, Jack McCulloch (Captain), Bob Sharp, Percy Genser, Marjorie Smart, Laura McLarty, Joan Campbell, Jean Sproule.

CATERING MADE EASY

METHUSELAH ate what he found
on his plate,
And never as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the caloric
count

He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he
sat,

Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular
fat,

Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species
of food,

Untroubled by worries or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by
some fancy dessert—

And he lived over nine hundred
years!

TEACHERS were a dreaded thing
To young Tom Brown, y' know,
For if trouble started,
They would start right up his row.

What made them think he mis-
behaved?

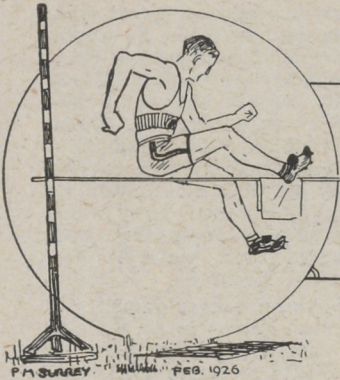
Young Tom knew well enough!
'Twas well known when he got the
chance

That he would do his stuff.

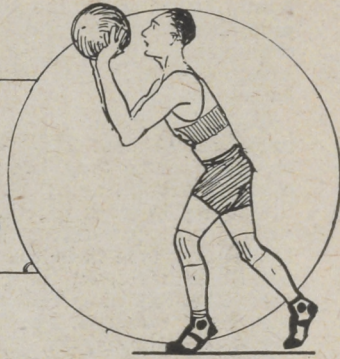
His face was like an angel—
When the teacher looked his way;
But when 't was not, the things he did
I wouldn't like to say.

But still the teachers seemed to favor
Him above the rest,
For after four for quite a while
He seemed to be their guest.

—Arnett.



BOYS' SPORTS



KELVIN FIELD DAY

PREPARATION for Field Day, the first sport event of the year, opened with great enthusiasm and optimism. Everybody, teachers and students alike, were out to see that Kelvin did better in sport than they did last year. Field Day was held a little earlier than last year. The day turned out to be fine; but the grounds were somewhat heavy, necessitating the sports to be run off in the centre of the field. Every event came off without a hitch. Room 36 was declared the champion with the grand total of 32 points, with Room 17 a close second. Room 28, with four boys competing, took third place.

THE INTER-HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY

After much practice and help from the teachers who worked untiringly everyone was ready for the day, Monday, October 5th, 1925. The track was very heavy making it necessary for the sports to be held on the Rugby field. According to the method of scoring Kelvin tied with Daniel McIntyre with St. John's taking the lead. The way of scoring adopted by the officials eliminates all chance for a school to practically win the championship in one division, for three points are given to the school having the most points in a division, two points for second place and one point for third. A list of how Kelvin stood may aid those concerned next year: Senior, one point; Intermediate, two points; Junior, one point, and Primary, two points. Alex. Swan pulled off the individual championship by

taking three firsts. The chance for Kelvin pulling the thing off next year is better than the outlook last year, for we fell down in Senior and Primary classes. New boys will be coming in and the Intermediates will be Senior. Many of the Intermediate fellows will be with the school two years (yes, they are in Grade IX) which makes things look cheerful.

FOOTBALL

A Football Schedule was started about the second week of school and although it interfered somewhat with the Field Day event, it put the fellows in good shape. After the many games were run off Room 36 was declared Senior Champion. They played Room 17, the Junior Champions and won by the score of 3-1.

In the Inter-High School Football Kelvin stood on the same footing as Daniel McIntyre by tying both games. St. John's again walked away with the championship in grand style. Mr. W. A. Martin had charge of the team and picked the following boys to represent Kelvin:

C. Leech, P. Genser, J. Illsey, J. Jackson, Quinn, R. Sanderson, J. Cavers, C. Thorpe, T. Serafin, R. Havens, E. Mills, G. Anderson, and G. Main.

HOCKEY

Hockey was again this year a favorite Saturday morning pastime for many boys. The league consisted of eight senior teams and the same number of junior teams, under the supervision of Mr. Wharton, with Norm Emery and Jack Illsey as assistants. Room 25 and 23 showed their

mettle by tying for the Junior championship. Room 38 were the Senior champions. Further progress of the schedule was stopped on account of having no ice.

The school team did not show any improvement over last year's team, mainly because they had not played together enough and therefore lacked the ability to work together. The results of the games were: Kelvin 1, Daniel McIntyre 2, in the first game, and St. John's 3, Kelvin 2, in the second. The following fellows were on the school team: C. Leech, E. Arno-vitch, R. Havens, E. Mills. Emery, Richards, R. Sharpe, J. Cavers, and Benson.

division there has been a great mix up. Everyone thought Room 28 would pull off the championship, but they were over confident and lost to Room 36 and Room 17. In the game between Room 17 and Room 36, Room 17 won, thus gaining the championship. They owe their victory to the fact that they played a close checking game. Room 38 romped away with the Intermediate championship and rightly deserved their victory. The runners up were Room 35.

In the inter-high school games the Seniors lost both games to St. John's. They were at a disadvantage in weight. The Intermediates also lost their games. The Juniors won at St.



Left to right—P. Brereton, R. Marlatt, G. Main, F. Lowry, K. Mackenzie, J. Macdonald, J. Scott, R. Havens

BASKETBALL

What would Kelvin do without its "gym" and Basketball? It wouldn't be Kelvin, that's all. The game is more popular than ever because the teachers have taken one day for badminton and the boys are only allowed in on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Naturally the fellows look forward to these days with an idea of getting as much out of it as they can.

The school has been getting a mighty schedule off its chest, making it necessary that two games be played at noon and at least one after four. The classification was the same as last year, namely four divisions—Senior, Intermediate, Junior, and

Primary. In regard to the Senior John's and lost at Kelvin. The primary team brought glory to Kelvin by winning both games.

SWIMMING

This sport was started by our old President Jerry Riddell. This year in the two galas we had considerable success. The boys' team, consisting of Lindsay, Miller, Marlatt, and Benson, won first place. The mixed team came second. The swimmers were, J. Miller, Louise Kirk, Ruth Kind, and E. Lindsay.

—Ross Brereton,
Room 28.

CURLING

Keen interest was shown in Curling this winter, the rock heaving taking place at Ft. Rouge Rink. There were twelve teams in the schedule, which was run off every Thursday and sometimes on Friday. Mr. Hodgson with Cam Graig, Lowell Wallace, and Lennox on his team won from Mr. Wilson. Weather did not permit the finishing of the consolation.

In the Inter-High School Bonspiel Kelvin came second to St. John's in both championship and consolation. They were able, however, to show their superiority over Daniel McIntyre. In the great game Kelvinites are not as good as they were last year, for they cleaned up both cups last year.



H. Lennox
C. Haig

W. Wallace
Mr. R. T. Hodgson

Easter Reports

THE EASTER reports will be in the hands of the parents before this intimation is in print. From these reports it will be possible to predict with tolerable accuracy the chances of success at the Departmental and Promotion Examinations in June.

Attention of students in Grade XI should be given to the regulation of the Department of Education to the effect that students with conditions in Grades IX or X are not allowed to take the examinations of XI until these conditions are removed.

For the benefit of students and parents who are asking information about scholarships we quote from the "Programme of Studies" of the Department of Education the following: "That in the City of Winnipeg there be offered for competition each year at the June examinations of Grade XI in the Matriculation and Combined courses eight scholarships, four of them consisting each of Fifty Dollars from the Isbister Trust Revenue and remission of tuition fees by the University for one academic year in the Faculty of Arts and Science or a monetary equivalent with respect to tuition in another faculty of the University, to the four students ranking

highest from the schools, preparatory institutions and affiliated colleges on the aggregate marks of the entire examination, and four of them consisting each of remission of tuition fees by the University for one academic year in the Faculty of Arts and Science to the four students ranking next highest from the aforesaid schools, etc."

—R.T.H.

Pierre

Un jour le professeur demande
"Pourquoi étudiez-vous le Français?"
Petit Pierre, en tremblant répond,
"Parceque je voudrais le parler!"

"Très bien! Très bien! mon petit
Pierre,
Vous êtes intelligent, sans doute,"
Mais tout le monde sait, oui, même
sa mère,
Qu'il ne veut pas l'apprendre du tout.

Note—

Perhaps you don't understand this,
In French you may not excel,
But if a word or two you have missed,
Better learn and study it well.

—B. Gee,
Room 37.

GOLF

THE GAME known to the world of today as Golf is perhaps the oldest game in the history of man. Perhaps it was played in the Stone Age. Of that we are not sure, but we are positive that it was played as a game during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Down through the ages people have kept on playing the game. During Queen Elizabeth's time one might see a court dandy walking about the links in fine attire and not in the comfortable sport dress of today.

Originally, I suppose, golf was played with a small stone for a ball, and a stone-headed mallet for a club. Later this must have changed to the stick with a knot on the end for the head. These clubs were made of the best materials obtainable and doubtless there were many who did themselves credit with their weapons.

Golf, however, like everything else, has made advances. From the old gutta percha ball, sometimes still used, we have the modern ball, with a core of rubber and a celluloid cover. These balls, when hit, will carry from fifty to a hundred yards farther than the gutta percha ball. Even now changes are being made to make the game harder. People claim the ball is too heavy, and, therefore, too much under control. They want the ball made lighter, so it won't carry as far; and larger, so it will slice or pull much easier. The wind would have much more effect on a ball like this.

The clubs of today are changing too. Instead of the old stick, we have the very best that can be made by hand and machine. The shafts are of the best wood and the heads of carefully wrought metal. Steel shafts are coming in now, which are supposed to ensure longer and more accurate shots. I believe that it is the way the ball is hit more than the club that is used, that gives best results.

Why has golf, as a game, lived so long? Why is it, that when men, or women, take up golf it holds them and fascinates them? I think there is only one answer to both these questions. "It is a game of Honor." Most of the games played are contests where there is always a referee or

an umpire, who is watching every move of the competition so that no unfair advantage will be taken. These are games where a man's honor is not severely tested. Golf knows no such supervision. It is a game where a man's word has to be taken. In a game of golf a man has many chances to better his score by kicking his ball into a better position. But in golf, where sportsmanship is the deciding factor, clean men do not take advantage of every situation.

The golf course is laid out to test a man's ability as a golfer. If a man is continually improving the position of his ball it is doing him no real good, and it may do him some harm. A golf course is a place where a man's real character may be found out. He may dub a shot. Then you may judge by what he says or does afterwards just what kind of a sport he is.

Every other sport but golf has been besmirched by numerous violations of its amateur code. Millions upon millions of golf games have been played, but never has one ended with the charge that the game was framed. In a golf game a man tees off from the first tee determined to win. If he loses he loses gracefully. If he wins he has no conscience to bother him and say he won dishonestly.

And so golf stands forth as a sport beyond all others that men and women have played, where honest and dishonesty prevail; where true British play predominates; and where all meet the test faultlessly.

—Briand McDiamid,
Room 35.

L'Été

"C'est l'été, c'est l'été,"
Chantent les oiseaux en mai.
Le rouge-gorge dit "À moi!
Les cerises sont mûres je vois."
Pendant que le corbeau
Sait trop bien, tantôt,
Que le grain est semé.
L'oiseau-mouche toute la journée.
Dit que tout a fleuri.
C'est la meilleure partie
Sana doute, de l'année.

—Marjorie Stevenson,
Room 37.



The Loose-leaf Note Book



OWING to an unfortunate circumstance, I had missed a period. Now, to miss a period is bad enough in itself, but what is ten thousand times worse is to miss such notes as may have been dictated during that period. To make matters worse the period which I had ski—ah—missed, was a history period. Now, history is a subject which involves the taking of voluminous notes—big notes and little notes—expanded notes and digested notes—notes in brief and notes in full—in fact, notes. And so, having missed all these notes, my future loomed before me like a black cloud.

I slowly mounted the stairs, pondering the darkness of my perplexity, and wondering what course was wisest in a time of so great trouble. Suddenly a bright light broke in upon my darkness; the bright light was whistling a jazz tune; the bright light had its hair parted to a nicety, but best of all the bright light had a loose-leaf note book under its arm. The very thing! I could borrow the few leaves of that book on which the history notes had been written and copy them out at my leisure. The very thing! I promptly forgave the bright light for its abominable whistle, and approached with a friendly smile.

"Harry," I said, "you're just the man I'm looking for. Will you lend me—"

"I tell you, I'm broke. Can't give you a cent," said the bright light, and made a dive up the stairs.

"But Harry," I said, as I dashed after him, "I don't want your money—it's notes! Notes! Notes!" I yelled.

The bright light stopped, and put its hands in its pockets again. "Sure, what notes do you want?" said Harry, smiling, in a relieved manner.

"History notes—yesterday's."

"Why, by all means," said Harry,

flipping open the book. To our joint consternation, a great clutter of loosened leaves and odd papers fell to the floor. We gathered them up from amongst the ascending and descending legs, and proceeded with our consideration of history notes. After a great deal of fuss and flurry amongst the leaves, Harry at length removed a few from the conglomeration.

"Now, you begin here," he explained, "then you go over here," and he flipped the pages over, "then you come back here, then you look under these algebra problems here, and there y'are."

"Fine, many thanks," I said, and went off happy.

That night I attempted to copy out the notes. I started where he had suggested and was proceeding in a masterly manner, when all of a sudden I ran into something like this—

"William was crowned king of—the square root of the density of a substance—." Evidently I was trespassing on a foreign realm. When I had at length found myself, and started again, I ran into something like this: "William founded the doomsday book, and in it placed the Hippomenes siderat cursus, pericula coniunx."

And again:

"In the Magna Carta were stated the rights of the angle between the chord and the tangent."

* * *

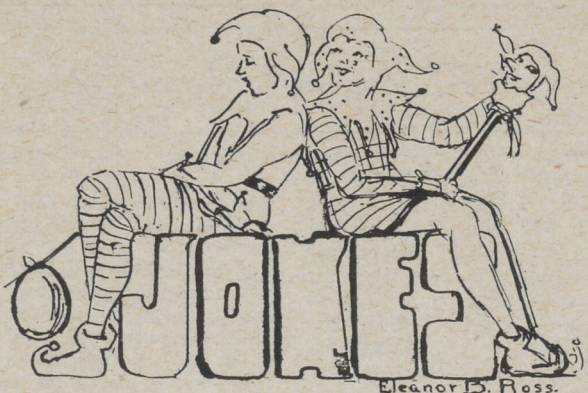
Next day I met Harry in the hall. I gave him back his notes.

"Did you find them all right?" said he.

"Clear as mud!" said I, with a malicious grin, and felt that once and for all I had squelched him. I gloated over the fact.

His face darkened for a minute, then the smile returned and he said cheerfully: "That covers the ground, doesn't it?"

—J.R.



ATLANTA'S LAST RACE

(With apologies to Ovid)

PERHAPS you have heard of the maiden who beat Even Kid Nurmi in the swiftness of feet.

Her name was Atlanta, or so it is said,
Her dress was of yellow, her hair was of red.

He came from Finland, but wore not a fin,

When he entered the race, the odds were he'd win.

When he tackled this woman, he knew not his fate

For she came in early and he came in late.

At the flash of the gun, they went like a shot,

And from the beginning, the pace sure was hot.

The crowd began cheering and crowded the rail,

They acted like murderers let out on bail.

With ten yards to go, and five yards behind,

She quickened her pace and went like the wind.

It seems impossible, a loss for this chap,

But yet it was not, there was still one more lap.

Oh she was some runner, this red-headed lass,

She increased her pace, and showed some rare class,

Her breath came in pants, twenty-two inches wide,
And before the crowd knew it, she was up by his side.

Coming into the stretch, she gained the lead,

And gave a last sprint, but there was no need,

She was all muscles, a woman of strength,

And she was the winner, but just by a length.

Now she was from Scotland, and therefore was Scotch,

And by winning the race, she won a gold watch.

Now if you stick to history, this poem is all bunk

But I may make my living by selling the junk.

—Jack McIntyre,
Room 38.

Reader—"Where did you get your jokes?"

Jim—"Out of the air."

Reader—"How about some fresh air then?"

Science Teacher—"What's a vacuum?"

Student—"I have it in my head, but I can't think of it just now."

Health Hints

To the thin—"Don't eat fast."

To the fat—"Don't eat. Fast."



A PREMEDITATED SOLILOQUY

THE night before I cram and cram,
 I think of all I've learned,
 I know I'll fail in this exam,
 I get the things all turned.

I say the conjugations o'er,
 Repeat declensions, too,
 I know that two times three make
 four
 And three times one make two.

I learn the battles and their dates
 Until I know them well,
 I try to say the different weights
 I know I cannot spell.

I wonder what the French will be
 The verbs I do not know,
 I cannot think at all, Oh, me!
 My poor brain will not go.

At last my weary brain doth sleep
 In deep repose I am,
 Yet in my dreams I still do keep
 Preparing that exam.

—Harold Watts.

Teacher—"What's the difference
 between vision and sight?"

John (Room 18)—"Well, you can
 call a girl a vision but never a sight."

Student (Room 36)—"I spilled some
 acid on my hand and made it smart."

Mr. W.—"Why not drink some
 then?"

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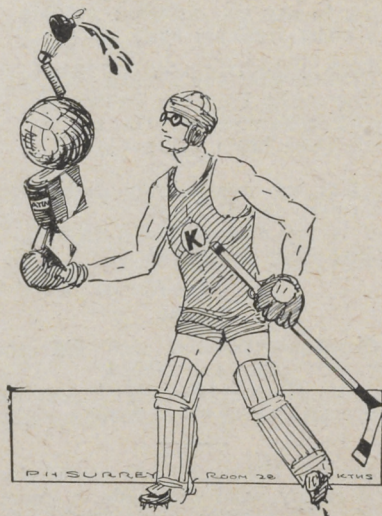
Joe Tomlinson—"Help! ! I can't swim."

Bruce McGregor—"Neither can I, but I'm not making such a howl about it."

A funny old man told this to me,
I fell in a snowdrift in June, said he,
I went to a baseball game out in the
sea,

I saw a jelly-fish float up a tree,
I found some gum in a cup of tea,
I stirred my milk with a brass key,
I opened my door on my bended knee,
I beg your pardon for this, said he,
But 'tis true when told as it ought
to be,

'Tis a puzzle in punctuation, you see.



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Metropolitan



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YOU'LL BE PLEASED

If you want to drive a high class six cylinder coupe that
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The new General Motors Six, with a powerful,
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TWO MODELS: COACH AND COUPE

\$1395.00

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The well-dressed, peppy students usually wear
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Suits in all the latest models and shades, fashioned to
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WINNIPEG

Business College Facts

Shorthand:

ONE OF the most coveted awards in the shorthand world—the first prize for proficiency in transcribing shorthand, written in the most advanced style (open to all countries excepting the British Isles), has come five times to Canada. THREE times out of the FIVE this proud distinction has been bestowed on a Dominion College Student.

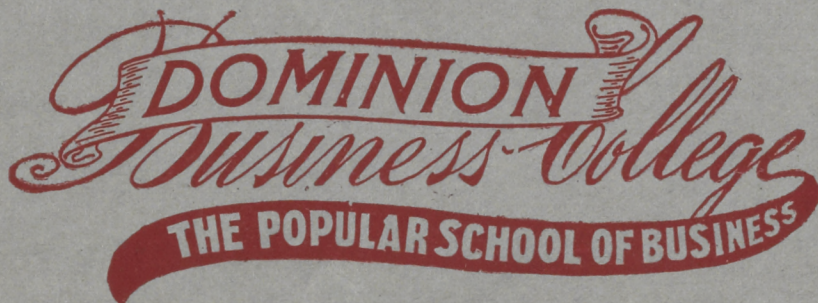
Remember! Pitman Shorthand is taught with thoroughness at the Dominion. Business men realize it.

Bookkeeping and Accounting:

SIXTY per cent. (60%) of all Chartered Accountants who have passed the regular C.A. examinations (Manitoba), studied under Mr. David Cooper, President and Founder of the Dominion College.

The College Management is, of course, proud that its pupils should show proficiency when they pass into the world of business, but the interest does not cease there. It is hoped that the period of training will have helped in developing such high degrees of honor and integrity as will, in years to come, command the respect of all men and women.

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at the



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WINNIPEG

DAVID COOPER, C.A., President

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